

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo by H. S. MENDELSSOHN.

Pembridge Crescent, W.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

ROADSIDE REPAIRS.

REPAIRS by the roadside are as necessary for the animals who work on the highway as for the maintenance of the road itself. The wayside smith renews the equipment when shoes are lost or harness chains smashed, while the wayside pond provides refreshment for the "inner horse." These village smithies have scarcely altered in the memory of man. Old paintings show the scene as we see it to-day, or as it appeared when Sir Walter Tyrrel, fresh from the death of Rufus, reached the ford over the Hampshire Avon and forced the smith, on pain of death, to reverse his horse's shoes, that the pursuers might have no track to trace his further flight to Poole. Lardner's celebrated picture of the "smithy" shows a horse being shod indoors. In the sun-picture from real life on this page the same familiar process is going on on the green plot outside the "forge." It is so familiar that nine people out of ten never observe the processes of shoeing a farm-horse, or note the quickness of the smith, the imperturbable good temper of the horse, or the simplicity with



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

THE ROADSIDE SMITHY.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

AFTERNOON TEA.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

THE DRINKING TUB.

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which untold centuries of practice have invested the difficult and artificial process of fitting a creature like a farm-horse with shoes of hot iron. Cold shoes, for which the foot is measured, are now commonly used, but the old practitioners prefer to make or beat a shoe in the forge, and beat it to the exact shape "while you wait." The coolness with which they stick a horse's hoof between their knees, wrench off the old shoe, try the new one, punch, hammer, and slap the foot of a creature which could kick their brains out in half a minute, is a tribute not only to the nerve of the smith, but to the patience of the horse, and a "moral" to children who scream when their nails are cut with a pair of scissors.

In Holland the horse is put into a big wooden "crate" with falling bars to be shod, yet Dutch horses are the most docile of their race. The smith's very simple apparatus for shoeing is shown in the picture. His oddly-shaped box of implements stands by his left side. A hammer, a pair or two of big pincers for wrenching out the nails, a cold chisel for leverage, a lot of nails, a rough file, and a paring knife complete the list. The knife is often used rather too freely; and there is little doubt that horses which work mainly on farm land are often too heavily shod. But the custom is too strong for change and too ancient not to have some points in its favour. The iron plough, inverted for repairs, and the knife of a reaping-machine lie in front of the smithy. Modern improvements in farm machinery demand more mechanical skill than the old blacksmiths usually possessed; but they are learning some parts of the "fitter's" trade, and can usually do the mending of modern farm machinery in a rough but effective fashion.

Roadside refreshment after the day's work is done is always a pretty scene in the country day. The simplest form of an AFTERNOON TEA for the horses is to let them drink at the stream, as in the second of our illustrations. The horse, taken from the shafts, as his harness shows, walks into the shallows and sucks up the grateful water. The carter leans on the rail meantime and chats with the miller's boy, who, sitting softly on a flour sack, pulls up the cart to gossip on his way from the mill to the baker's. But often the drinking place is a pond, artificially floored with clay to hold the water. In this case the horses are not allowed to trample in the pond, but, as in our third illustration, the water is placed in an iron vessel close by. These iron tubs are very strong, but a bull will amuse himself by smashing them. Recently a young bull was presented with a heavy iron drinking tub like that shown here. He turned it over, carried it on his horns, and then smashed it.

C. J. CORNISH.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

THOUGH we have been favoured with several days of glorious sunshine, with fairly high temperature, the nights still continue to be excessively cold, and the damage caused by the heavy frosts of the first part of the month has by no means been repaired. The strong winds, too, have continued, and wrecked the little hope remaining to the fruit grower. Altogether the outlook, so far as the fruit crop is concerned, is a very poor one—about as bad as it can be—and it is, unfortunately, now quite too late to expect any improvement in this direction.

It is curious how very plentiful buttercups are this year. It is a long time since the country-side presented such a glorious mass of green and yellow as it does at the present time. Perhaps the wet weather of the beginning of the year, followed by the cold winds and frosts, which prevented buttercups as well as other plants from flowering early, are the cause. However that may be, an unusually large crop has come out all at once, and the supply which is usually spread over three or four months has all burst into full bloom together. Whatever the cause may be the effect is undeniable. Whole fields, sometimes acres in extent, are nothing but blazing masses of golden-tinted buttercups.

With the continuance of cold, easterly wind, dry weather, and bright sun, the trout-fishing has continued to be indifferent, generally speaking, and in many parts of the country, frankly, bad. An exception is to be made in favour of that curious person the Thames trout. He has been caught in some numbers, considering his prudence and his cunning, and of plethoric size. Mr. Gomm caught one of 9lb., which conducted itself in a manner suggestive rather of a lively grilse than of an aldermanic trout, leaping several times clean out of the water, and generally behaving in a very headstrong way. The playing of him must have been rare sport. But all these have been caught with the live bait—bleak or some small fish of like nature. It is not quite in the same class with the genuine trouting with the fly, be it wet or dry or even natural. A new bait is suggested by the friend of a correspondent to the *Field*, who sent up for the editor's inspection the stomach of a trout with an adder inside. The trout appears to have survived this rather rash experiment in toxicology without any inconvenience, the adder being found in a semi-digested state, with several flies and small fish, more lately swallowed, on top of him, to say nothing of the bait which had led to the capture of the fish. There is some story of a boy throwing a dead adder into the river near where the fish was taken out, so there is a presumption that it was this dead snake that the fish had swallowed. Its gastric juices, however, had done so much *post-mortem* business on the snake that the coroner's jury at the *Field* office could not determine whether he had been swallowed alive or dead.

One of the latest of American "notions" is a chemicomechanical baseball pitcher. There is about the inventions of these gentlemen over the sea a boldness that takes the breath away from the sober Englishman. The idea of a catapult bowler for cricket practice has long been familiar to us, but that is an engine that gets its motive power out of means purely mechanical. Such simplicity is scorned by the ingenious American. His notion is to construct a *gun* and *fire* the baseball at the striker. The latter, one would suppose, would need to be encased in *as triplex* of shot-proof quality; but the inventor claims that by the use of a safety valve he can temper to the finest nicety the momentum of the ball. Powders differ in strength, as is well known. A man who is going to shoot a long rifle match will be very careful to see that he uses precisely the same quality of powder throughout. Possibly the safety valve may dispense with the need of such precautions on the part of the baseball artilleryman, but the striker will perhaps do well to see to them.

The most ingenious feature of the thing, and the point that should commend itself to English attention, is the finger of metal just outside the muzzle of the barrel, which just grips the ball sufficiently, on its exit, to impart to it such spin as the firer may desire. According to the position of the finger, which is moved at will, the up-curve, down-curve, or side-curve, which make the baseball almost impossible to be hit by the striker, can be communicated, and equally, of course, the spin which causes the ball to describe a *hook* in the air would act to make it break when it touched the ground, whether from the off or the on (corresponding to the side-curves of the baseball), or to make it rise high, or shoot low (following the up-curve or down-curve of the baseball respectively). It is in this way that it might become useful to the cricketer, and be found an advance on the old-fashioned catapult, always supposing that it shall first prove itself useful, and also innocuous, to the baseball player. Since they have definitely rejected the Arbitration Treaty it is better that it should be tried on the Americans first.

Sheepdog trials are to be introduced into Germany, Mr. C. H. Wheeler, of Birmingham, having been commissioned by the committee of the Frankfort Collie Club to invite Messrs. Piggan and Barcroft, owners of the best trial collies in this country, to give a practical demonstration before the members of the club. The invitation has been accepted, and the trials are to take place this month, the trainers named having consented to take their best dogs. Mr. Piggan, who owns Ormskirk Charlie, the recognised champion, has under consideration invitations from South African and Canadian show committees who are anxious

to witness trials under efficient management. Last year he had a team at the show of the Tring Agricultural Society, and has accepted an invitation to compete at similar trials to be held, by permission of Lord Rothschild, at the Tring show in August.

The most usual question which men interested in racing are asking each other just now is—"Will Galtee More win the Derby?" It is difficult to see what can possibly prevent his doing so, except an accident, and long odds are laid on him, but there is always a sort of uneasy feeling about a very hot favourite, and he has had to be stopped in his work once this spring, so that when the ground gets harder it might happen again, and hence it is that one is so often asked the question, "Is Galtee More all right?" He was right enough at Newmarket last week, at any rate, and had obviously done plenty of work since the Two Thousand week, whilst the style in which he polished off Berzak, for the second time this spring, was the best assurance possible to his backers that he had been going on in the right way up to then.

On the same day, Champ de Mars, who seems to improve every time he appears in public, won the Spring Two Year Old Stakes in a canter. He is as likely as not going to make a very good horse. The Second Welter Handicap was taken by a five year old American bred horse, called Keenan, who looks like carrying a good weight to hounds, and who won in a canter by three lengths. Another American bred animal, a filly called Rhoda B., must also be a good one, judging by the style in which she won the Exning Plate, and if Messrs. Croker and Belmont have many more of this class they will take several good stakes before the season ends. St. Veronica and Galinthia had both been very highly tried, but the American filly had no difficulty in cutting them both down and winning by two lengths.

The Payne Stakes, a race which has been won by some good horses in past times, was this year taken by the Sheen colt All Moonshine, who effectually disposed of any outside chance for the Derby that Angelos or Wreath Or may have been supposed at any time to have had, by beating them both. Nun Nicer, by Common—Priestess, a nice stamp of filly, who ran third to Cap Martin and Tears of Joy at Newmarket, and to Chon Kina and Dielytra at Kempton Park, improved on these two performances on Thursday last, by beating Santos, Templecombe, and eleven others, in the Bedford Two Year Old Plate. She is a charming filly, and although she may never be quite in the first class, she will always be useful, and win plenty of races.

It will soon become a question, if rain does not fall to refresh the bowlers of the country, how long their physique will stand the pressure of the many centuries. It is certain that the counties who rely on but two or three bowlers will spend longer days in the field with every fresh match. Middlesex, whose bowling begins and ends with J. T. Hearne and Rawlin, have, fortunately, not yet begun to play, and Lancashire have so far met with no worthy opponent, but both Sussex and Kent have suffered severely from want of enough change of bowling, and are likely to suffer more.

Among the many hundreds scored in the week, the most attractive was Mr. H. C. Stewart's, for Kent, against a strong team of the M.C.C. At Oxford Stewart curiously failed to get his blue either for football or cricket, but has played the latter with extreme consistency of success ever since he went down. The feature of his style is his hard, clean driving on the off side, and it may be added, as a disproof of a prevalent fallacy, that he, not long ago, won a prize for long driving (at a rival game) on the Seaford golf links. Unfortunately his century on this occasion was of no practical value to his side, owing mainly to a great innings of 160 not out by Storer, who, it will be remembered, in the early part of last season, performed the wonderful feat of scoring four centuries in four consecutive innings.

Yorkshire have twice in one week known the not altogether pleasurable sensation of "a near thing." In the first case Mr. Jackson, having made a very excellent score of 124, thought that nothing more could be required of him, so went off, accompanied by Mr. Milligan, by the 2.24 to town. Somerset, however, finding an effective bowler in young Gill, brought the game to this condition, that 25 runs were wanted with only three men to go in, two of whom, Wainwright and Hunter, were partially disabled. Haigh, however, managed with some luck to stay at the wickets, and Yorkshire fears, luckily for the two defaulters, were not realised. The second near thing ended less fortunately for Yorkshire, but the match, as a whole, gave more excitement than any that has yet been played. The Leyton crowd are proverbially keen supporters of their county, and the enthusiasm was immense when Mr. Kortright and Mr. Bull

twice dismissed the Yorkshiremen for under 200 runs. The match was looked on as a certainty when Essex only required 132 to win. But disasters befell the batting side apace, and 30 runs were still wanted with only three wickets to fall. But Kortright, aided by Mead, played a fine hitting innings, and won the game "on the post." Essex owed their victory, as Yorkshire have often done in the past, to the fact that their bowlers are also useful with the bat.

The defeat of the championship county will add excitement to the race for the honour. Surrey were lucky in making a draw of the Essex match, but with the fresh supply of young amateurs in the team, they are immensely strong. In the Sussex match Mr. Chinnery and Mr. Leveson-Gower again played fine cricket, and Brockwell returned to form with a jump, by not only scoring a century, but also taking nine wickets for 89 runs. It goes without saying that Abel again did not omit to get well on the way to another double century. His average, if averages apart from "match play" are worth considering, must be enormous. Sussex, like Gloucestershire in its latter days, is beginning to show itself a one man county, and with a mere fifty from Ranjitsinhji, was quite outclassed.

The Cambridge team, up to the end of last week, continued to prove its merit, though the quality of the opposition has not yet been quite up to the standard. Druce was prevented from playing by a cold, and Marriott by an intellectual appointment in the schools, but the absence of the two best bats seemed to make little difference. Their places were filled by Moon, who has been scoring centuries consistently in college cricket, and by Simpson. Neither of the two did himself justice, but Moon is worth a further trial. Hard hitting bats have a fine record in Inter-Varsity cricket, and Moon is just the sort of bat to follow in the way of Woods, Streatfield, V. T. Hill, and Foster, who have, among more recent instances, hit successfully at everything, leaving their nerves behind them. Throughout the match the pace of the scoring was exceptional, but it paled before the rapidity of Burnup and Wilson in the fourth innings. They went in at 4.40 requiring 149 to win, a feat which they performed successfully before six o'clock. Both seemed to do much as they liked with the bowling, but Wilson played the more attractive cricket, and his cutting was marvellously quick and well-timed. The two innings were a curious contrast to the style of the same two batsmen in last Varsity match, when each made 80 by almost the slowest cricket that has ever been seen on that occasion. It is a question whether the Oxford bowling will this year need such cautious treatment.

Wilson's success has something of a parallel in an even greater feat by his younger brother at Uppingham. Going in first against a very strong team brought down by Mr. Christopherson, including Alec Hearne and Mr. J. R. Mason as bowlers, he made 130 by most confident cricket, and helped to dismiss the other side for an inferior total. The school appears to be as strong this season as it was last year or in the days of A. P. Lucas, when there were no less than five members of the eleven who afterwards found their way into the Cambridge team. The school team is also quite innocent of a tail, for in the second innings of the same match, though the early bats failed, H. Alexander, going in sixth wicket, made 118 not out, and Fowke, still lower on the list, scored an undefeated 39. Such a long record of good cricketers in one school only shows how certainly good wickets and good coaching produce their results.

The Cambridge bowling again disproved the truth of the hard things that have been said of it. De Zoete in the first innings took five wickets for 35, in spite of the free hitting of Vernon and Webbe, and in the second innings Fernie was responsible for four. As a bowler he bears a very close resemblance to Wreford-Brown, who bowled for Oxford some few years ago. Both take a very long and quite unnecessary run for slow bowling, and can go on pitching the same ball for any length of time. The performance is doubtless monotonous, but the ability to keep up an end is rare among amateurs, and correspondingly valuable. Shine proved unexpectedly useful as a bat, knocking up 41 not out with much uncomely vigour.

Whether the same high standard in both departments of the game will be maintained against really first-class teams it is difficult to say. There is an immense difference between a county and a scratch eleven, however good the latter. It is not easy to put the finger on the exact points in which the want of previous combination tells disadvantageously, but the fact remains that the less a team is changed, and the more often it plays together under one captain, the better it becomes. The opening of the Sussex match was not encouraging; for a whole side to be dismissed for 91 on Fenner's, the best ground in the kingdom, except perhaps the Hove, at Brighton, is a collapse that wants explaining. The absence of Druce made, of course,

some difference, but there were many disappointments. Though Burnup and Moon played nicely for the first wicket, no one else in the team except Bray, who is mostly safe in an emergency, made any sort of resistance, and Bland, the new hope of Sussex, had matters his own way. It is to be hoped that he is a really fine bowler.

Oxford have opened well. The bowling of Mr. Webbe's team was on the weak side, it is true, but the Oxford scoring was most encouragingly consistent. With the exception of the captain, the first eight batsmen all made respectable scores; and, further, the merit of the several innings was more pronounced than appears on paper. Nearly all the cricket was both bright and sound, and if it is reasonable to select such a low score in the presence of several fifties, Henderson's 19 was made by the best cricket of the day. He has that gift of timing the ball and making it travel without apparent effort that is especially associated with the elder Palaret. He played equally well in the trial games in the previous week, and should now, considering his bowling successes, however unexpected, be safe of his blue. But so also should most of the others. Bromley-Martin hit very cleanly, Foster played with the quickness of wrist and slight recklessness which is natural to racket-players, and Eccles showed a very old thoroughness of defence.

The strength of the batting at Oxford may be gauged from the men who are excluded. Parkes has played consistently well in the trials, and made runs against the Surrey bowlers before term began, but is not thought good enough. Bannon, though he has fulfilled his reputation at Tonbridge, where he was thought second only to Rashleigh; Fisher, of Westminster; Rowe, of Winchester, already responsible for a century in the Parks; Woodward, who was on the edge of last year's team; Barrett, Stocks, and several other run-getters, are also among the excluded. There is not the same amount of promise in respect of bowling, but if Cunliffe recovers the form which his temporary batting success seems to have damaged, there will be a sufficiency of talent for the Varsity match at least, now that Hartley has quite decided to play. Waddy is also useful, and Henderson has been improving rapidly. Altogether the Varsity match should not be the one-sided affair that was at first feared.

The first night of the eights at Oxford is always attended with great excitement. The crowd of visitors and variety of colours along the barges seem to increase with each year, and the festivities of this week have lately quite outdone Commemoration Week in popularity. The first night is as important as at a theatre, and as prophetic of future success or failure. However much the prophets may have erred previously, they are seldom wrong in arranging the order of the head boats after a sight of one night's racing. As a tentative forecast, on the point of being brought to the test of facts, it may be accepted as probable that New College will remain head. Their form has alternated a good deal, chiefly owing to the return of Edwards to the boat and his second retirement on the doctor's advice, but their style is excellent, and reminiscent of their late successes at Henley. Trinity may fall to Magdalen in compensation for last year's accident. It is true they are a good boat, but they are apt to get short—a fatal defect—when set a racing stroke. Besides, Magdalen are immensely strong on paper, though they have lost ground by changing back to their old ship, as the new one was found too light for their great weight. The times of a number of courses rowed on Saturday showed that New College and Magdalen were each about ten seconds quicker than Trinity, who start slowly but will probably keep their place if they can get past the Gut. If there is to be any bumping lower down, Balliol and B.N.C. will be in the ascendant, with Corpus and University as victims.

The University pairs at Cambridge fell, as was expected, to Fernie (who with Bell was successful last year) and Dudley Ward. Their rowing was especially strong and finished, and it will be a great pity if they do not enter for the Goblets at Henley. It is too early, of course, to discuss Henley prospects in detail, but it is pleasing to notice that Australia has given the Colonies a lead by deciding to send over an eight to compete in the Grand. The crew is being selected in accordance with the form shown in the Inter-Colonial race rowed last week on the Yarra, in which Queensland, New South Wales, Western Australia, and Victoria were each represented. The number of Australians who will be in England in connection with the Jubilee adds point to the inauguration of the expedition. The principal London clubs have sent invitations of hospitality, but as yet no definite answer has been received.

The boats for the Mays are for the moment less interesting than for the Oxford eights, as there is still a three weeks' interval before the May week, and besides, nearly every boat has one or more absentees on account of the trips.

Each of the leading boats has been unlucky enough to lose a man from illness. The Hall have put Howard at bow instead of Campbell Muir, but have not been forced to make any other change, while First Trinity have been compelled by Brown's retirement to entirely remodel the boat, and their steadiness has suffered much in consequence. Lady Margaret have for some unknown reason changed Tudor Owen to a seat in the bows. It is a curious stroke of policy, as he was acknowledged as one of the best strokes on the river, and the boat was steadily improving. They have visibly deteriorated since the alteration. Hall II. are fast, in contempt of all style, and should rise; they may be followed by King's, who paddle badly but row with power.

An important move has been made in resistance of the inroads of the professional spirit into amateur pastimes. There is no doubt that games as such are in the midst of a crisis, and the circular just issued by the Amateur Football Committee was much needed and is well-timed. The Football Association, so called, is a body which contains a considerable majority of members who are more or less directly interested in professional teams. They have, therefore, for two or three years been tinkering the laws and introducing irritating and unnecessary legislation to safeguard their valuable property, the professional player. In consequence, the whistle of the referee is heard so frequently as to spoil the pace and interest of the game. Against all this the circular strongly protests, and it is understood, if the protest is not favourably considered, a separate association will be formed to look after the true interests of the game, as regarded by those who play it only for the zest of it and the sport of it.

The handicap tennis matches now in progress are watched with especial interest since George Standing, the American, has definitely fixed to play the champion in the autumn, the first match to be in England, the second in America. It is, therefore, pleasing to see Peter Latham able to disregard the big handicaps which he is giving to his opponents. In the last match the accuracy and pace of his forces was extraordinary. His game is certainly developing in the line first introduced by Pettitt, *i.e.*, he is giving up more and more the older style of playing chiefly on the floor for short chases in favour of hard hitting for the openings. It seems successful, but the old cutting game, the game of Mr. Heathcote, is much prettier, and, hard to believe, less effective.

The Norman kings, whose laws gave them the right to seize all cattle passing the night in the New Forest, would have added to their revenue if the Jubilee year had fallen 700 years earlier. Miss Standish, the Crown tenant of New Park, built by Charles II., near Brockenhurst, sold her herd of Jersey cattle on Friday last at an average price of £28 a head, including calves of a week or two old. The sale was held under the oaks of the old park, reclaimed from the forest, and was attended by all the leading "fanciers" of Jersey cattle. Ladies were much in evidence at the sale, Lady Hopetoun occupying a seat in the waggon from which Mr. Thornton, of Southampton, acted as auctioneer. The beauty, tameness, and high breeding of the animals caused great pleasure among a large circle of buyers, and the average prices were higher than have been realised for two years for animals of this favourite breed. The highest price bid for cows was 48 guineas, given by Mr. Johnston for the three year old Angola, an imported cow, bred by Mr. J. E. Bandains, St. Peter's, Jersey; and 43 guineas were given for her young calf by Badier's Ladas. The older cows also sold well; but the record price of 51 guineas was given by Mr. Whitaker for Double Twist, a beautifully bred heifer, by Golden Twist—St. John's Twist II. Forty-two guineas were given by Mr. J. I. Thornycroft, F.R.S., for another heifer, Golden Beauty, by Golden Twist—Beauty, the gold medal winner at Tring, 1894.

Many of the company concluded their day by a drive or walk in the wild forest surrounding New Park. There the condition of the wild ponies and cattle was in striking contrast to the sleekness and content of the Jersey pets just sold. The bitter winds and late frosts have robbed the forest of much of its beauty, and the forest animals of their food. The greater number of the oaks are blackened with frost, and the young leaves crumble in the hand as if baked in an oven. The beeches and birches have not suffered, but all the common fern growing on the tree trunks is withered, even in the thick forest where no winds come. The wild ponies are ragged and thin, especially the mares with sucking foals, and the forest cows are mere bags of bones. All the ponies make for the streams and bogs, the latter being surrounded by scores of mares and foals. There the moisture and soakage has produced a rich crop of grass, and the ponies take their chance of being "bogged" in return for the ample supply of food. The wealth of flowers of the marsh plants by the waters of Matley Bog, near Lyndhurst, is a sight not to be forgotten.

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, whose portrait is given on the frontispiece, is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful American women who have married Englishmen of rank. A daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York, Lady Randolph made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill in 1873, and was married to him in January of the following year. Her eldest son is at present heir-presumptive to the Duke of Marlborough, his cousin. Mr. Winston Spencer-Churchill is a lieutenant in the 4th Hussars. Lady Randolph has another son, a lad of seventeen, but no daughter. One of the most graceful and agile of skaters, Lady Randolph Churchill is seen to great advantage on the ice, real or artificial. She is a great admirer of brains, is devoted to music, and dances beautifully. She holds the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. One of her sisters is Mrs. Jack Leslie, another Mrs. Moreton-Frewen. She is now in mourning for her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough.

CYCLING NOTES.

AMONGST the many battles that are waged about matters cycling, the battle of the tyres goes forward as briskly as any. It may be interesting in this connection to notice that the latest feat of J. Platt Betts in record-breaking was done on a Dunlop tyre. But few of us, perhaps, are ambitious of emulating Mr. Platt Betts, or even J. W. Stocks, who is matched to race him a mile, and again, a time race (the best distance to be covered within an hour), at the Crystal Palace. But, racing apart, for ordinary road riding there is a good deal of luck in the matter of tyres, even of the best. India-rubber, the material of the tyre, is not a manufactured article, in the first place; it varies, one tyre varies from another, and even one part of a tyre varies from another part of the same. There is some luck in it. Of course, the Dunlop tyre is undoubtedly good; so is the Beeston, but for ourselves we have had very great satisfaction out of a Palmer tyre. The only locality in which the Palmer tyre has not seemed to serve well is in a country of flint macadamised roads. It has appeared peculiarly liable to piercing by the sharp points of the flints, but, again, this may possibly be just a bit of luck. The single-tube tyres, such as the Fleuss, are certainly not without their merits. They take on and off a deal easier than the double-tube tyres, and a puncture is more easily mended.

In the class of those many inventions that are so excellent in theory, but so faulty in practice, it appears must be reckoned all the kinds of two-speed gears. In theory nothing could be more charming—you work no harder going up hill than going down: that is the simple statement of the effect of the change of gear. And the change is wrought by means that are likewise as ingenious as they are simple. The fault is not in the theory nor in the machinery, but in the build of human kind, which works neither by machinery nor in strict accord with theory. The human muscles resent the change from the one gearing to the other—the fault of the two-speed gear is subjective rather than objective, in the cant phrase of the philosopher. Everyone knows that when we set out walking at a certain pace, and, after a while, a friend says, "Oh, let's walk quicker than this" (or "slower," it does not matter which), inevitably, after a few yards at the altered pace, one falls back involuntarily into the rate at which one was going before. The muscles have grown used, temporarily, to a certain rate of movement, and resent being told to change. It is just an analogous little trick of theirs that makes the abrupt change of gearing distasteful to them.

People are fond of asking one how one should begin to learn to ride. The first advice to give them is to be as young as possible. It is marvellous how quickly and how fearlessly young things learn the balancing art that comprises the whole business of sitting a bicycle without falling over—which is not to say that it includes the whole art of riding. Pedalling and many little details go to make up that. But the first notion of the learner is to "sit up and go along," and for this it is essential, and almost sufficient, to have learned to balance the machine rightly, to turn the front wheel right or left sufficiently, by instinct, without waiting to think about it. To learn the balance is the first point then, and the great mistake that most teachers of bicycle riding make is to allow their pupils to sit down on the saddle before getting a notion of the balance. By far the better way is to learn the balance before sitting down at all, by standing up on the step of the bicycle with one foot, kicking off the ground to give the machine an impetus with the other foot, and having both hands on the handles. No matter whether the learner be male or female—a lady can borrow a boy's bicycle to practise with—this kicking off, standing up on the step and leaning forward on the handles, resulting at first in many lapses to this side and that, will gradually teach the learner how rightly to move the front wheel (which the handle-bar controls), and so the balance will be acquired. Then, and not till then, try to sit down on the saddle. All the sitting in the saddle, until you have acquired some notion of the balance, means only waste of time and tissue in picking yourself and bicycle up off the ground. Incidentally we have mentioned another of the first principles of learning cycling—one which may be brought into higher relief—namely, always to borrow someone else's bicycle for the first attempts.

PENCILLINGS FROM PARIS.

IT is almost possible to count on the fingers the days that are now left for the Paris season, which ends with the Grand Prix. And what a season it has been from an out-of-door point of view! Full of promise as it was for a glorious time in early April, anticipations were baulked by a return of winter, that scattered the chestnut blossoms before they were in full bloom. Then later, just as belated spring was beginning to have full play, that terrible disaster in the Rue Jean Goujon, which put the entire Jockey Club into mourning, affected half the members of the Automobile Club, whose excursions were to be the novelty of the season, and affected every fashionable association and section of Society more or less directly.

Even as though this were not enough, fate in the form of the weather has once again levelled heavy blows at the season this week. I was down at Fontainebleau a week ago, and I never saw the country look so splendid. The

flowers were budding, the fruit trees in bloom—when Fontainebleau is beautiful it is the most charming place in France—and you had glorious schemes for a dozen pleasant excursions. To-day you hear that the frost has blackened the whole landscape. There are yet other reports to hand of the doings of the frost that will interest more directly those who are proud of their wine cellars, for it seems that right down into the champagne district the vines are withered up, and the grape harvest, which had promised to be one of the finest on record, will be the worst that has been known during almost a century.

But if we have gone on short commons for some of our own pleasures, we have not been forgotten by perfect strangers. The other day I received an invitation to go down to Nogent to a whip-cracking match, and I went. I had only a very hazy notion as to what it would be like, and had a general idea that there would be a slight amount of blood connected with it. Nothing of the kind, and I don't know when I have seen anything more interesting. The prize went to the man that could crack his whip the best, and the honour was disputed by cabmen, hauliers, and carmen generally. It was not to the man who cracked the loudest that the honours fell; and the way in which the winner used the whip was a poem in whipcord. He started with a twitter like that of a sparrow, increased it by degrees till it cracked like a revolver, imitated a machine gun afterwards, and as a wind up gave you something approaching an eighteen-pounder. The French cabby is notoriously noisy with his whip, and I have often heard English ladies cry out about brutes and scoundrels when they have heard those sounding cracks. As a point of fact, it is when the crack is loudest that the horse suffers the least, for the driver is simply frightening it.

It is some consolation to hear that the trams that will cross the Champs Elysées at the Rond Point will not be driven by steam, but drawn by horses. But it is only a small consolation when you remember that the line is laid down for Exhibition purposes, and you may be certain that in 1900 trains of four and five cars will be crossing and recrossing every five minutes. I was talking the other day to an American resident here, who has at his disposal some of the finest horseflesh in Paris, and he told me that he seriously considered selling it off. "I cannot," he said, "drive with any sense of comfort in the Bois, because cyclists delight in cutting right under the horses' noses. Auto-cars and auto-cycles hired out to inexperienced folk tear along, and curse at me for not getting out of their way, and now that that glorious promenade in the Champs Elysées is to be blocked every few minutes by trams, I prefer to ride behind a hired hack."

CORBEILLE.

LAST WEEK'S POLO.

MONDAY was a busy day at Ranelagh, three matches being got through during the afternoon. The first of these was the final tie of the Tournament, which had been postponed from the previous Saturday, on account of that being the Jubilee Stakes day at Kempton Park. This gave us a display of very high-class polo, and was won by the H team, who were the strongest throughout, and won by 4 goals to 1; but as it was fully described in these columns last week, it is unnecessary to say more about it here.

The Subalterns of the 2nd Life Guards, represented by Mr. Stracey, Lord Kensington, Mr. Spender Clay, and Mr. Brinton, next turned out to play a Ranelagh team, composed of Mr. Knowles, Lord Longford, Mr. McCreery, and Mr. W. Jones. The home team were quickest to begin, Lord Longford and Messrs. Jones and Knowles all scoring early in the game. After this things slowed down a bit, until McCreery got a good run and scored again. The soldiers then pulled themselves together, and scored two goals, but Knowles and McCreery were busy to the end, and when the bell rang for the last time the club had defeated the soldiers by 8 goals to 2.

Ranelagh had to take a licking, however, in their next match, against the Eden Park Polo Club. The sides were: Eden Park—Messrs. G. Shephard, Bucknall, Bullivant, and G. Gold; Ranelagh—Mr. Baring, the Comte de Madre, Mr. W. Walker, and Mr. Wheeler. The visitors were a very fast, well-mounted team, and had the best of it throughout, the score standing at the finish, Eden Park, 10 goals; Ranelagh, 2. It was a very fast match throughout, G. Shephard being conspicuous for the winners, on a smart dun, and a white Argentine, named Muffin; and Gold playing well on a very dark brown. Walker did good service for the losers, and played his four famous ponies; and Baring was riding Flirt, lately one of Mr. Beech's ponies, and bought for 125 guineas at his recent sale.

On Wednesday the Household Cavalry had quite a field-day at Ranelagh, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards both sending teams to oppose the home club. The 2nd were the first to take the field, and sent Captain Peel, Mr. Spender Clay, Lord Kensington, and Captain Longfield to oppose Baron de Tessier and Messrs. McCreery, Lambton, and Harild, for Ranelagh. This was a good game, and resulted in a victory for the Life Guards by 4 goals to 3. Their companions in arms, the 1st Life Guards, represented by Messrs. Clowes, Cookson, Milne, and Schreiber, were not so fortunate, as a strong Ranelagh team, made up of Messrs. Stracey and W. Jones, Lord Shrewsbury, and Mr. C. D. Miller, were just too good for them, and after a very even game, had got 5 goals to the soldiers' 4.

On Saturday, the afternoon's proceedings began with a match between the 15th Hussars and Ranelagh, the sides being: The 15th Hussars—Messrs. Knowles, Hambro, Bald, and Captain Dundas; and Ranelagh—Messrs. Balfour, Menzies, Captain Milner, and Mr. E. B. Shephard. Both teams got to work at once, and scored a goal. The 15th, who were always on the attack, soon scored again, though the club team were playing a good defensive game, and making some brilliant counter-attacks. The soldiers had all the best of it at first, Knowles and Dundas being especially successful in scoring for their side, but towards the close the Ranelagh team turned the tables on their opponents, and at the call of time the score was 6 goals all. It being decided to play it out, both teams rode on to the ground again, and Ranelagh soon scoring, were declared the winners by 7 goals to 6.

Menzies, who rode a very fast grey Arab, hit four goals for his side, and was well backed up by Balfour, who obtained 2, whilst a clever shot of Milner's scored the other.

Soon after five o'clock Messrs. McCreery, Mackey, E. D. Miller, and Ravenscroft rode on to the ground, for Rugby, to oppose Lord Kensington, Major Fenwick, Mr. G. A. Miller, and Mr. Freaque, for Ranelagh. Things soon became lively, and the visitors had all the best of it, E. D. Miller scoring thrice in the first twenty minutes. Freaque scored later on for Ranelagh, and after a very fast good game Rugby were the winners by 6 goals to 2.

CHAUGAN

POLO AT HURLINGHAM.

OUR polo illustrations this week are descriptive of the match between the Fifteenth Hussars and the Scots Greys, which took place at Hurlingham, and was fully dealt with in these columns last week. The first gives a capital view of the ground on which this match was played, and which is in first-rate order this season. The rest are very realistic illustrations of different incidents of the game, one of them showing the accident which befel Captain Dundas, in being hit on the knee by the ball.

At Ranelagh most of the week was taken up by the annual Handicap Tournament, for which nine teams were entered, and drawn as follows:—A v. G, C v. D, K v. H, E v. B, and F a bye. These ties were all played off on the first day, and the best match of all was that between A and G teams. A (Red) consisted of Messrs. Wigan, MacCreery, the Comte de Madre, and Captain Renton (back); whilst Messrs. A. M. Knowles, F. Hargreaves, T. Conolly, and C. Wheeler (back) played for G (White). The play was not very fast at the beginning, and the Reds' goal was more than once in danger, but Renton was playing in his usual brilliant form, and his side were the first to score by a clever stroke of Wigan's. Conolly soon afterwards scored for White, and then Wheeler did the same. The game had now become faster, and it was not long before Conolly got another goal for his side, which was promptly responded to by the Comte de Madre doing the same for his. The same player later on made things equal by hitting another

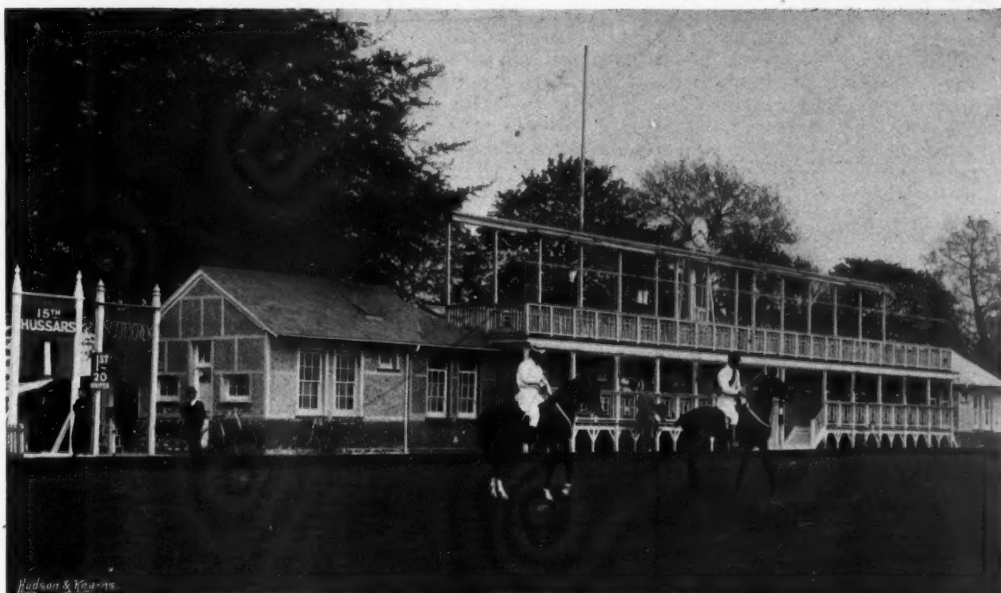


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE PAVILION.

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Miller, H. C. Bentley, Lord Villiers, and Mr. C. Whitburn. This match was won, after some good play, by B team, who scored three goals to E's one.

On Tuesday, play being resumed, G team (Red) turned out to play H (White). The former, for whom Mr. Schreiber played instead of Conolly, were favourites, though in the end they were defeated by nine goals to two. Harrild, who played a grand game with Menzies all the match through, was not long in scoring for the Whites, and then Wheeler responded for the other side. Knowles soon afterwards did the same, and then their opponents had matters pretty well their own way. Knowles played a good game for the losers, but Harrild and Belleville, for the winners, made some beautiful runs, and several times placed the ball cleverly for Menzies, who never failed to score, whilst Harrild made some successful shots, and the winners owed their victory mainly to the clever combined game of their forwards and the straight hard hitting of their backs.

F team, who sported red shirts, now had to play D, who wore white. The latter were the same four that had beaten C so easily, whilst F was represented by Messrs. Hudson, Bald, F. Belleville, and Ravenscroft. This was a fast game all through, Bald making the first score for the Reds. Belleville soon followed this up



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A THROW IN.

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goal for the Reds, and when the bell rang the game stood at three goals all. During the extra ten minutes which ensued the Whites scored again, and thus defeated their opponents by four goals to three.

The next game was C team (Red) v. D team (White), the Reds being Mr. Dalgety, Baron de Tessier, Captain Peel, and Mr. G. A. Miller; and the Whites, Messrs. G. Shephard, Cobham, Drake, and G. Lockett. G. A. Miller, who was riding Rasper, soon scored a goal for Red. This success was not long maintained, however, as, in spite of G. A. Miller's brilliant play, the Whites now put up a series of goals, which landed them easy winners when the bell rang for the last time. These two matches were both played on the new ground, which, owing to its gravel subsoil, is, perhaps, the faster of the two.

On the old ground K team, for whom Mr. Cookson, Lord Longford, Captain Longfield, and Mr. Schreiber did duty, were busy engaging H team, consisting of Messrs. Siltzer, Harrild, Belleville, and Menzies. This was a very one-sided affair, H defeating K by eight goals to love. E and B next fought out their tie, the sides being: E, Lord Kensington, and Messrs. Willmot, J. C. Brinton, and Ravenscroft; and B, Messrs. C. D.



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IN PAIRS.

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by another, and then the Red forwards made a great run, in which they had to change places more than once, but never losing possession of the ball, placed it beautifully at last for Ravenscroft, who scored another goal. Shephard, who was playing very well, scored two goals for his side; but the Reds would not be denied, and Hudson hit another goal for them in the fourth period, the ball being placed for him by Bald, after which Ravenscroft scored again, and after playing a good combined game throughout the Reds won their match by nine goals to two.

The final tie was played off between H and F teams on Monday, and, as I thought would be the case, resulted in the victory of the H team, consisting of Messrs. W. Harrild, J. Belleville, F. Siltzer, and F. Menzies. As I have before stated, these four played really



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COME TO GRIEF.

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good polo in all their matches, and they no doubt owe their final victory principally to their superior tactics and combined play in defence, and their straight, hard hitting in attack.

On the same afternoon, a Ranelagh team, consisting of Mr. Knowles, Lord Longford, Mr. MacCreery, and Mr. Walter Jones, defeated the Subalterns of the 2nd Life Guards, represented by Mr. Stracey, Lord Kensington, Mr. Spender Clay, and Mr. Brinton.

A busy afternoon was brought to a conclusion by a really fine match between the Eden Park Polo Club and Ranelagh. The visitors were represented by Messrs. E. Shephard, Bullivant, Bucknell, and Gold; whilst the interests of the home club were defended by Mr. Baring, the Comte de Madre, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. W. Walker. Mr. W. Walker played in his usual brilliant fashion for Ranelagh, but Eden Park, led by Mr. E. Shephard, were always the attacking side, and a very fast match ended in their victory by ten goals to two. CHAUGAN.



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COMING BACK TO CHANGE

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MEET OF THE ROAD COACHES.

THURSDAY fortnight was the day selected for the meet of the road coaches running out of London this season, when a considerable assembly of people attended, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, for the most part, but also accompanied by a fair muster of cyclists of both sexes. It was a cold dull day, and for the purposes of our illustrations a bad light, but our artist succeeded in obtaining one or two characteristic pictures of the proceedings.

The meet took place, as usual, on the Horse Guards Parade, at half-past eleven o'clock, the various coaches as they arrived being closely criticised. The "turn-outs" were—as might have been, and, indeed, of course was, expected—quite up to the mark. On these occasions there is, as a rule, a good deal of hyper-criticism by the few persons present who are really judges of coaching, and a superabundance of what passes for criticism from individuals who do just contrive to know the difference between a coach-horse and a clothes-horse. Thirteen coaches mustered on the parade,



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WAITING TO PARADE.

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the most noticeable absentees being the two Brighton coaches, the Comets. Of these, the coach leaving London did

not put in an appearance, owing to the length of the journey necessitating an early enough start to enable passengers who make the journey down to catch the up Pullman express from Brighton at 5.45, the latest train that will get them back to town in time for dinner, while, of course, the other coach leaving Brighton in the morning was upon the road, and could not well be in two places at once. Perhaps the best known of all the vehicles on the road is the Guildford coach, which up to the present season has been for many years regularly run by Mr. Walter Shoolbred under the name of the "New Times," but which is this year called the "Telegraph," and is run by Mr. Harveyson, who has taken the road from Mr. Shoolbred for the season. Still, the fact of the change of name and proprietor, and for that matter the change



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TAKING POSITION.

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DRIVING OFF.

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A DAY ON THE ROAD.



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FIRST STOP; SHEEN.

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of colour as well, was not allowed to make any difference in the title to rank as the oldest-established coach on the road. So the "Telegraph" was allowed to retain the seniority of the "New Times," and was in consequence drawn up in a position on the extreme right of the line, and in due course, when the time came for departure, led off at the head of the procession. Keeping up the old custom, it was again horsed with a very fine team of chestnuts.

There were several new introductions this season, among them being a coach called the "Vigilant," run by Mr. Chapman, which has taken the Ascot road, the terminus of the day's run down being the Royal Hotel, contiguous to the racecourse. This was a decidedly smart turn-out, four very level bays composing the team.

Another new comer was a coach called the "Red Rover," run by Mr. Craven, which takes the road daily to Farningham. This was horsed by a very serviceable-looking lot of browns, the near side wheeler being perhaps the pick of a very even team.

A third new undertaking was a coach known as the "Essex Express," which has just commenced to ply on the road from the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street, to Epping, running through Woodford.

The Dorking "Perseverance," driven by Mr. Sheather, and drawn by two pairs of well-matched roans, as the second in seniority on the road, followed the "Telegraph" off the parade, in advance of the Virginia Water "Old Times," which, drawn by four capital greys, occupied the third place. Mr. Webbing brought the Sevenoaks "Excelsior" on to the ground with a fine team of greys and chestnuts crossed, while from the box of the Windsor "Venture" Mr. Treadwell drove a good-looking lot

of mixed bays and chestnuts. The Boxhill "Rocket" was a smart turn-out, Mr. Roebuck handling a well-set-up team of dark bays, and Mr. Garrett also drove a well-matched team of the same colour in the Oxford "Age." Mr. Arthur Fownes drove his own coach, the Hampton Court "Vivid," the team being made up of two bays, a brown, and a chestnut. The "Sportsman," which used to run to Harrow last season, now runs to Ockham, in Surrey, and it was upon this vehicle that our artist attended the meet, and subsequently went the up and down journey of the day.

Our pictures of "A DAY ON THE ROAD" are illustrative of scenes on the road going to and returning from Ockham. The team on parade, and which took the coach the first stage out of London, was a capital one, composed of two chestnuts,



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SECOND CHANGE; KINGSTON.

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THE BEAR AT ESHER.

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OCKHAM.

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a roan, and a skewbald. The Hampton Court "Present Times" had a mixed team of a grey, a chestnut, a roan, and a bay—variety as to colour, but nevertheless a strong workmanlike lot.

The three new comers, already alluded to, brought up the rear of the procession, which moved off the parade ground punctually at 11.30, taking order of precedence from the date of their establishment. The "Telegraph" led the way, followed in the order named by the "Perseverance," "Old Times," "Excelsior," "Venture," "Rocket," "Age," "Vivid," "Sportsman," "Present Times," "Vigilant," "Red Rover," and "Essex Express." The route taken was in front of the Horse Guards up the Mall, and out of the Marlborough Housegate up St. James's Street into Piccadilly, where each of the coaches broke the line, making the best of its way to the nearest point of the general daily route.

Ordinarily the Ockham "Sportsman" is timed to leave the Hôtel Métropole at 11 o'clock, but attendance at the meet, of course, caused delay in starting, and it was quite three-quarters of an hour behind the ordinary time before the coach was fairly on the road.

It would be difficult to find a more picturesque route on the coach roads out of London than that taken by the "Sportsman." Passing through the suburbs over Hammersmith Bridge, the stage is made to Sheen, where, at the Hare and Hounds, fifty-five minutes after leaving town, the first change of horses takes place.

From here to Kingston the road is very attractive, as the army of cyclists, pedestrians, and others to whom the Surrey highways and bye-ways are well known, can readily vouch for. After a second change of horses at the King's Arms, way is once more made with the third stage.

It is to tell a twice-told tale to dilate on the beauties of the road that runs by the river side at Surbiton and makes its winding way to Esher, or to speak at length of the well-known old hostelry, The Bear, at that latter village. Here the third change of horses takes place, when the team that is to take the coach the last stage of the journey out and the first one of the run home is taken on. Charming views of Sandown, Claremont, and other well-known places of interest on the route,

to say nothing of the beautiful country side, are obtained from the roof of the coach, which, at the end of a three hours' drive, arrives at the pretty village of Ockham in time for an excellent lunch at the Hautboy Hotel. There is nothing much more enjoyable than a drive down into the country on a summer day, and no more desirable trip can be made in that particular way than on the top of the "Sportsman" coach to Ockham and back.

CYCLE TOURING.



Standard Photo. Co.,

London, S.E.

IN CYCLE ROW, HYDE PARK.

TOURING in the Home Counties may be divided into two headings, main road tours and bye-way tours. As regards the first there is little that can be profitably said. The routes out of the metropolis have been absolutely "done to death" by the tourists of the last twenty years. In whatever direction the rider betakes himself, whether it be the Dover road, the Portsmouth road, the Bath road, the Brighton road, the great North road, or any other main artery, all have been thoroughly exploited, their various features described at length, and illustrated with more or less success.

Nevertheless, the most interesting cycle tours can unquestionably be made from centres situated on these main roads, but striking out into the bye-ways in the neighbourhood of them, and avoiding as much as possible the main arteries of traffic. By this means many lovely districts, which the scorcher, going straight away from town to the furthest possible point, has left undiscovered, and many points of attraction, may be found.

The limits of space preclude me from giving any exhaustive list of the spots to be chosen, and I will, therefore, choose one of the most charming touring districts within easy range of London, which would very well repay exploration.

It is to be found along the line of the old Maidstone to Guildford coach road, with a bye-way extension beyond Godalming, along the valley between the Hind Head and the Hog's Back, to Alton, and, of course, if wished, still further to the westward.

The whole of this long stretch of country repays very fully the cyclist who will explore it thoroughly, following its lanes and bye-ways, climbing its hills, and visiting all its places of local interest.

I will sketch the trip as an illustration of what I mean. Starting from Maidstone, whether that town be reached by the Dover road or by rail, the first village on the old coach road is Ditton—not the famous Surrey resort, but a place of the same name in Kent. Here the rider is but two miles away from Aylesford, an interesting town containing many things worth a visit, and especially Kit's Coty House, an ancient erection, probably a tomb, which may or may not have been erected for the British warrior, Catigern, in A.D. 455. All round Aylesford there are lots of pretty bye-ways and rustic spots, which well deserve a visit from the leisurely tourist.

Returning to the main road, the journey continues through Larkfield to Wrotham, an interesting village in a decidedly interesting district, at the foot of the steep Wrotham Hill, which, however, the bye-way tourist leaves on his right, and proceeds through Borough Green to Ightham, another pretty centre seated among the hop fields, with, among other pleasing sights, the Mote House—which was recently illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE.

The cyclists' house here is the George and Dragon, which used to be known a few years ago as "Mist's at Ightham," an extremely popular hostelry, and a good stopping-place for the tourist, who may, if he pleases, leave his cycle, and walk over the neighbouring hills, and through the woods, where many beautiful spots are to be found.

Leaving Ightham, over a give-and-take road the rider proceeds to Riverhead, at which point the road strikes and crosses the main Tonbridge road, leaving Sevenoaks on the left up Tubbs Hill.

Sevenoaks, of course, will well repay a visit, and all round each of the places named any amount of pleasant riding can be found.

Still following the valley, the rider progresses by way of Sundridge and Brasted to Westerham, and then passing out of Kent reaches Limpsfield, in Surrey. On either side of the journey along this stretch of road are hills, some of which provide the test ascents for hill-climbing competitions promoted by London clubs, and my space would not permit me to set forth even briefly all the beautiful spots that lie in the vicinity of this part of the line of road.

Close to Westerham is a beautiful private park, which used to be open to sight-seers, but the vandalism of a Bank-Holiday crowd, in amusing itself by breaking up and destroying a picturesque watermill, has very naturally caused the proprietor to close his gates.

From Limpsfield the road runs through Oxted and Godstone to Bletchingley, and thence, *via* Nutfield, to Redhill, at which point the Brighton road through Croydon is crossed after a sharp descent under a railway bridge; from Redhill to Reigate, where the Sutton portion of the Brighton road is crossed, and thence on through Buckland and East Betchworth to Dorking.

The tourist is now in the valley of the Mole, and the whole district is worth exploring. A run from Dorking in the direction of Brighton, or up the Mickleham Valley to Leatherhead, will always be enjoyable, the going being in general good, and the scenery very pretty indeed.

Godalming again is a good centre, the Angel Inn having special accommodation for the convenience of cyclists, and being a much-frequented house.

Passing out of Godalming along the river valley, Milford is reached, and then the bye-ways are again taken to, a branch to the right taking the rider along the valley bottom between the Hind Head and the Hog's Back, through Elsted, Frensham, and Alton.

After leaving the main road at Milford, the whole district is very full of interest, and may be explored thoroughly on the cycle or on foot with advantage. Moor Park, which contains the ruins of Waverley Abbey; the famous Frensham Ponds, dating from the tenth century; and the wild scenery of the Hind Head and Whitemoor, will more than repay the leisurely tourist who devotes some time to the district.

The tourist who will work out for himself one or other of the excellent country routes which exist round London, can find several districts the many charms of which may make them quite as worthy his exploration as the one referred to.

The whole of Kent is especially suitable for this sort of touring, and many beautiful journeys can be arranged within the boundaries of the "Civilest land in all the Isle." Surrey and Sussex both afford good touring grounds, but the cyclist has to go further afield who desires to tour north of London.

I might, perhaps, have prepared a list of the places worth a visit within the limits of the Home Counties, but I do not think such a list would be of any great value. Let the tourist decide as to the general direction of his proposed tour. Then take the map, and follow out the main road to a distance of from thirty to sixty miles away from London, pick out a town, and starting from it as a centre, map out a journey through the bye-ways. The half-inch Ordnance map will be found well adapted for this purpose, with the assistance, of course, of a road-book.

G. LACY HILLIER.

YACHTS OF THE SEASON.

THE present yachting season, which opened on May 15th with the Thames matches, promises to be one of exceptional brilliancy, for a greater number of clubs and towns than usual have declared their intention of giving regattas; in fact, so many have expressed a wish to cater for the large classes, that it has been found impossible to allot dates for every one, and in consequence some must fall through. This will probably be the case with Bexhill, where Lord de la Warr announced that he would give a cup, value 100 guineas, to be competed for at the end of July. If, however, the yachts do not enter, it is stated that the prize will again be offered next year, when no doubt a more suitable date will be found. Eastbourne, another new fixture, has had better luck than its neighbour, and the regatta which is to take place there on June 1st will enable that enterprising town to catch the racing fleet on their way to compete in

the Royal Southampton Yacht Club matches on June 3rd, and the Royal Southern on the two following days. Sunday and Monday will then be employed in the journey to Plymouth, where racing begins with the Royal Western Regatta on June 8th, and ends with the Royal South-Western on the following Friday. Mount's Bay and Swansea, on June 16th and 19th respectively, will then occupy the attention of the fleet. At the latter place a particularly enticing programme has been arranged, for not only are racing yachts well provided for, but there are also three matches for the cruisers, which should prove attractive to those owners who make a practice of following the competing yachts round the coast. There will probably be very poor entries for the regattas in the Isle of Man, as the German Emperor's Jubilee Cup will now offer strong attractions. The race, which is from Dover to Heligoland, is to start on Wednesday, June 23rd. The



Photo. by Symonds,

THE AUDREY.

Portsmouth.

cup, which was designed by the Emperor himself, and is to be presented by him personally to the winning owner, is said to be one of the most valuable prizes ever given for competition in a yacht race. Every inducement is given to owners to compete, for on arriving at their destination, tugs will be in readiness to tow them through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal to Kiel, where a series of races is to be held, terminating on July 4th.

To those yachts, however, which do not elect to stop in Germany, there will be the attractions of the Clyde fortnight, which is begun by the Royal Northern on June 26th, and is terminated by the Royal Clyde on July 12th.

After a single day's racing on July 14th, at Campbeltown, the Irish regattas commence with the Royal Ulster on July 16th and 17th. By the way, there was some talk at the annual dinner of this club, which took place recently at Belfast, of a yacht being constructed in that port for the purpose of challenging for the America Cup, but nothing more has been heard of the scheme at present. Bold indeed would be the man who would build another challenger after the experience of Lord Dunraven.

Ireland will not see the big cutters after July 28th, the date chosen by the Royal Munster. The fleet will then proceed once more to the Solent for the Cowes festival, which the Royal London opens on August 2nd, the few unoccupied days before being usually employed in scrubbing copper, and in a thorough overhaul of gear.

Cowes week finishes on Friday, August 6th, and on the following day the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian hold their regatta off Southsea beach. On the next Tuesday the Ryde week commences, and on Monday and Tuesday, August 16th and 17th, the Solent season finishes with the regatta given by the Royal Albert.

At this period of the season during recent years racing has generally collapsed, and only a small number of yachts have found their way to the few remaining regattas held in the West of England. This, in a great measure, was due last year to the collision between the Meteor and Isolde, which, it will be remembered, resulted in the death of Baron Zedtwitz, and cast a gloom over the whole yachting community.

It is unlikely that there will be more than four competitors during the season in the class for yachts exceeding 65 linear rating. These will be the Britannia, Ailsa, Meteor, and a new cutter building for Mr. C. D. Rose, at Southampton; but this latter can scarcely be ready before the end of June, as a strike among the shipwrights has greatly delayed building operations, whilst it is reported that the Ailsa and Britannia will not fit out till July. Mr. C. D. Rose's old boat, the Satanita, and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie III., which has not been raced since her unsuccessful attempt to regain the America Cup, are both advertised for sale; so if they find buyers, they may both be seen in the class during the season.

For all-round good qualities the Prince of Wales's cutter stands unrivalled, and is undoubtedly one of the finest boats of the century, for since she was built, in 1893, she has come out at the head of her class every year, with the exception of 1896 (a splendid performance in these days of keen competition), when the new Meteor topped the list, and the Ailsa had a slightly

better record than her old rival, for Mr. Walker's boat gained twenty-one first prizes and thirteen others, amounting in all to £2,020, out of sixty starts; whilst the Britannia secured fourteen first prizes and ten others, to the value of £1,562, out of fifty-eight starts. But this form has been reversed during the present year in the Mediterranean, for the Britannia has had rather the best of it with the Ailsa—the Meteor not being a competitor. This may be attributed to the fact that the Fife boat was using an old main-sail, whilst her opponent had a new one.

The Ailsa has never shown the consistency displayed by the Britannia, for when Mr. Walker's boat made her first appearance in the Riviera regattas of 1895, it almost seemed as if the Prince's cutter had been out-classed, but on arriving in England things assumed quite a different aspect, and at the end of the season the Britannia displayed many more winning flags than the white cutter.

Last season the Meteor was raced much less than the others of her class, but her average was excellent, for she started twenty-two times, and won seventeen prizes, which included thirteen firsts. This was undoubtedly owing to her having been built under the new rating rule, whilst all her opponents without exception were constructed when the old length and sail area rule was in force.

The METEOR, though nominally a German yacht, is in reality British, for she was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, built on the Clyde by Messrs. Henderson, the builders of the Britannia and Valkyrie, and she is moreover manned by an English captain and crew. Some dissatisfaction was caused among the German ship-builders because the Emperor went to Scotland for a boat, but this was scarcely to be wondered at, for the Vineta, which was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and entrusted to a German firm to build, proved not only an absolute failure, from a racing point of view, but was so badly constructed that she was rendered useless through becoming seriously strained.

Mr. H. T. van Laun's CARESS, which is rated at 67.1, and formerly belonged to Major Walker, will probably be raced during the season with her bigger sisters. In fact she was the first to race in home waters against the Meteor, in the New Thames Y.C. Channel match to Harwich.

The AUDREY, which we illustrate this week, together with the Meteor and Caress, was designed by her owner, Lord Dunraven. She did little during her first season in 1894, but, on being extensively altered, she proved herself, in the following year, to be the second most successful 20-rater in a very strong class, the American yacht Niagara being first. Last year she did fairly well considering that she had to compete against the two new boats, Saint and Penitent. This season she will again be raced under the well-known blue and yellow flag.

SEAMEW.

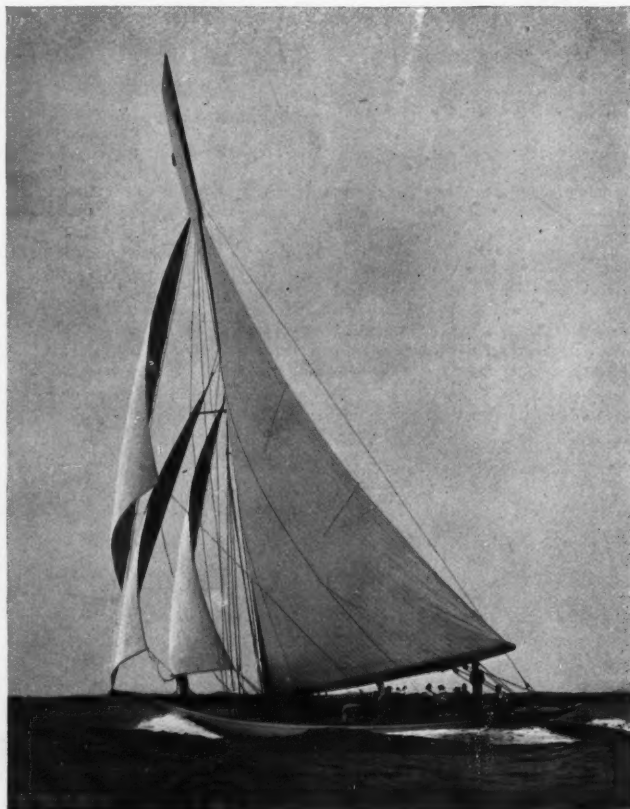


Photo. by Symonds,

CARESS.

Portsmouth.



Southsea.

METEOR.

Photo. by West and Son,
Edinburgh.

COUNTRY HOMES: PENSHURST.

WHEN the Kentish orchards are fruiting, and the hops are ripening for the gatherer, when the limes are greenest in "Sacharissa's Walk," and the water-lilies are opening in "Diana's Bath," Penshurst presents its transcendent external charm. We know it then to be Sidney's "Arcadia" as he loved it in youth, the place that dwelt in his mind when he retired to write at Wilton, the home of the famous Countess of Pembroke—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Here, in the alleys, he walked with his brother between the yews; here he glowed with romantic passion for sweet Penelope Devereux, and ripened in his mind the ideals that made him "the brightest jewel of the crown," and possessed his lofty spirit with the knightly prowess that made him the pattern of soldiers as of courtiers, and brought him to a chivalrous end on the sanguinary field of Zutphen. Here Ben Jonson walked through "Barbara Gamage's Bower," beneath "the broad beech and chestnut shade"; Edmund Spenser, also, fashioning his knightly allegories; Lady Dorothy Sidney, "Sacharissa," too, dallying with that rose which Vandyck has painted in her hand, and which "her Waller bids to carry its message to her bosom."

They were great men, these Sidneys, famous in arms, wise in counsel, always memorable in letters. There was Sir William Sidney, to whom Edward VI. "gave this house of Pencester," as the tablet over the arch in the gate-tower on the north front records, for his services as chamberlain and steward of the household. There was Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the Marches of Wales, and Deputy of Ireland, whom Elizabeth so far forgot that his wife prayed the calamity of a peerage might be "averted from them in their ruined state." She was the sister of Lady Jane Grey's husband, and, through her, as heir of her brother, Elizabeth's "Robin," the bear and the ragged staff came to the Sidneys, and to the present Lord De Lisle and Dudley, as heir-general of the Dudleys, descended the patronage of Leicester's Hospital, that quaint timber quadrangle at Warwick. Then, in this knightly roll, comes Philip Sidney himself, the true gentleman, the manly, unshrinking courtier, the mirror of honour and of what the best man thought best in his time, the man whom to call "friend" was a cherished honour, the soldier who fell mortally wounded at Zutphen at the age of thirty-two, giving up to a wounded trooper the cup of water he craved. Of him his father, for the example of his brother (who became first Earl of Leicester of the Sidney line), could say: "He is a rare ornament of his age, the very formula that all well-disposed gentlemen of the Court do form their manner and life by."

The first Earl's granddaughter, Dorothy, was the "Sacharissa" whose charms Waller sang in his lays of hopeless love. Her brother was Algernon Sidney, the patriot and friend of Milton, of whom and his associates Wordsworth says they—

"Had hands that penned,
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none."



Photo. H. N. King, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DRAWING-ROOM. Avenue Road, W.

It was he who, when caught in the toils, laid his head upon the block, and, to the headsman's question as to whether he would rise again, answered, "Not until the general resurrection—strike on!" But the history of the Sidneys cannot be told here. Upon the death of Jocelin, seventh and last Earl of Leicester of his line, Penshurst passed, through his niece, to the Perrys, and, through another heiress, to the Shelleys—two families which in succession assumed the historic name of Sidney—and to the present noble owner of the place.

The famous house, about which linger a host of such historic interests as have been suggested, has gone through some vicissitudes, but has been restored, with perfect taste and in excellent character, both within and without. It stands a few miles from Tonbridge, on a pleasant elevation in the midst of a wide and fertile valley, and in a beautifully diversified country of orchards, hop gardens, and corn fields, with the Medway winding lazily towards the Thames. As Ben Jonson says, the place has not the brilliant attractions of polished pillars and a roof of gold; but it has what most Englishmen like better—the charm of embattled walls, of grey stone and variegated brick, of venerable roofs, high gables, turrets, and twisted chimneys, windows with traceried heads and deep mullions, a noble hall, and panelled chambers, lighted through painted glass, and hung with famous portraits of the Sidneys and their kindred and friends.

The north or main front, facing up the park, is composed of long ranges of stone and red brick buildings, with the great gate-tower in the midst, and the tablet commemorating the gift to Sir William Sidney above the arch. From the eastern end of this front—of which much of the stonework is modern, but of



Photo. by H. N. King,

THE WEST FRONT.

Avenue Road, W.



Avenue Road W.

COUNTRY HOMES: PENSHURST; THE SOUTH FRONT.

Photo. by H. N. King.

admirable character—runs the old avenue known as “Barbara Gamage’s Bower”—that lady having been the wife of the first Sidney, Earl of Leicester. On passing through the gate, the splendid hall is seen opposite, and is certainly one of the finest of such mediæval structures in England. It appears to have been built in the time of Edward III., in the days of the Pulteneys at Penshurst, and is a noble buttressed building, with lofty roof and excellent details. Within, the deeply-splayed, transomed, and mullioned windows have a most impressive effect, and a beautiful window in the gable lights up the splendid open timber roof, which rises 64ft. from the pavement, while below is an admirably carved screen, shutting off the lobby in customary fashion. In the midst is a hearth piled with huge logs, as if for a fire, but the louvre above, through which the smoke would have ascended, has long been removed. Narrow tables and wooden benches of Elizabethan date, or earlier, line the walls, and the high table is still upon the dais at which the Sidneys sat of old.

A stone stairway leads up from the hall to the “solar,” sunny, or principal chamber, now known as the ballroom, richly panelled, with a splendid fireplace and an oak-framed ceiling, and many fine pictures on its walls. Queen Elizabeth’s drawing-

room adjoins the hall, and is a spacious chamber, said to have been furnished with the interesting objects it now contains by the gift of the Queen herself. The walls at each end, too, are covered with satin, believed to have been worked by Elizabeth and her hand-maidens. Here are hung some of the most interesting pictures in the house, including portraits of Sir William Sidney, Sir Henry Sidney and his wife, and Sir Philip Sidney, as a boy, with his brother. The tapestry room is near, with a crystal chandelier given by Elizabeth to her favourite, Leicester. Beyond are the china closet and the picture gallery, a noble apartment. The collection here and throughout the house is exceedingly rich. It includes Zuccherò’s Queen Elizabeth in ruff and lace, and the famous portrait of Sir Philip wearing ruff, gorget, and richly-worked doublet, Vandyck’s “Sacharissa,” and very many more.

It is difficult to leave the beautiful rooms and galleries of such a famous house as this, but the gardens and pleasaunces, with glowing flower beds, fountains, and yew alleys, have their charm, too, and there is always from them the prospect of the embattled walls, splendid ranges of windows, brick turrets, and varied sky-line of this historic abode. JOHN LEYLAND.

SOME LADIES’ DOGS.



Photo. by T. Fall,

KING PIPPIN.

Baker Street.

THE Pet Dog Show annually held at the Aquarium certainly increases in popularity, although it is universally agreed that its duration tends to do far more harm than good to many of the foreign dogs. Two days is quite long enough for even the strongest canine to be penned indoors; consequently it was not surprising, on visiting the recent show on the first day, to find many prominent exhibits absent. Apart from the Toy Bulldogs and the Brussels Griffons there was very little



Photo. by Russell,

BOYKIE.

Baker Street.

new, and Mr. Sam Woodiwiss must have been pleased to see so good an entry of the former. The winner, shown by Countess de Grey, is one of the best ever seen in England, being in truth a miniature Bulldog, as he should be according to the standard of the variety. The Griffon section certainly proved that the efforts of Miss Holdsworth and Miss A. Gordon have not been in vain, and there is little doubt that, in a year or two, the lively little Brussels Terrier will be exceedingly popular in England. Apart from Toys, Dachshunds made the best section, and here Mr. E. S. Woodiwiss followed up his Dublin success, and secured both championships with Wiseacre and Janita.

The display of Japanese Spaniels was decidedly one of the best that have been exhibited since the show at Holland Park, where the *haute volée* of this little foreigner was in evidence. It is noteworthy that Mrs. Samuelson, of Lynford, Maidenhead, and of Beaulieu, who on that occasion exhibited for the first time, and successfully, has again repeated her victories at the Aquarium.

Among the many good dogs benched, Mrs. Samuelson contrived to win with her three Japs no fewer than nine prizes and



Ph. Taylor, MISS MACKENZIE’S GREYHOUNDS. Regent St.

as many specials. Ito San is under seven pounds’ weight, and has a nicely broken coat but the fault of an almost entirely black head. In disposition he is a perfect little gentleman, and, unlike most dogs, he will always give up his dinner, or what he prizes most, a bone, to the ladies, Nikkho and Nami Nippon, both of whom, womenlike, are ever ready to take advantage of his self-denial. Ito San’s prizes at the Pet Dog Show were 2nd Limit and 1st Novice.



Photo. by T. Fall,

PUCK.

Baker Street.

Nikkho, who made her *début* at Holland Park, is very evenly marked and prettily shaped, and though last summer she won everything, this year she has had to give way to her home companion, Nami Nippon, who was quite the best Japanese Spaniel in the show, and who very rightly won the Challenge Cup and Championship. Her eyes are good and her face most piquante in expression, her coat is prettily broken, and she stands smartly, with excellent tail carriage. It is little wonder that she at once attracted both the public and the judge.

Champion and Premier DUKE BEIRA, the black Pug whose portrait appears on this page, is the property of Miss Jenkinson, of Peebles Court, Maidenhead, and is, without doubt, the handsomest black Pug yet bred. Up to the Aquarium Show he has had an almost unbroken record of first prizes. At this latter show, however, the judge selected for first honours the bitch Chotee, certainly the best of her sex, but the award was much discussed. In colour of coat, in typical expression, skull and wrinkle, and carriage of stern, Chotee cannot compare with Duke Beira, and the only advantage she can claim over this famous Pug is a perfect body set on low, straight legs. Duke Beira is square and cobby, but not so correctly built nor so low on leg; but, while admitting all the good qualities which Chotee undoubtedly possesses, there should be no question which is the better Pug of the two. Duke Beira was bred by Mrs. Fifield from the formerly well-known winner Beira out of Dainty Duchess, and it is to the fortunate combination of the Lanesdale and Brassey strains that Duke Beira owes his superior Pug characteristics.

Miss Mackenzie is a well-known figure in the dog world. Her pet breed is the Italian Greyhound, introduced into England some years ago by the late Sir Walter Shelley, who had at one time no less than twenty graceful specimens kennelled at his beautiful seat at Bournemouth.

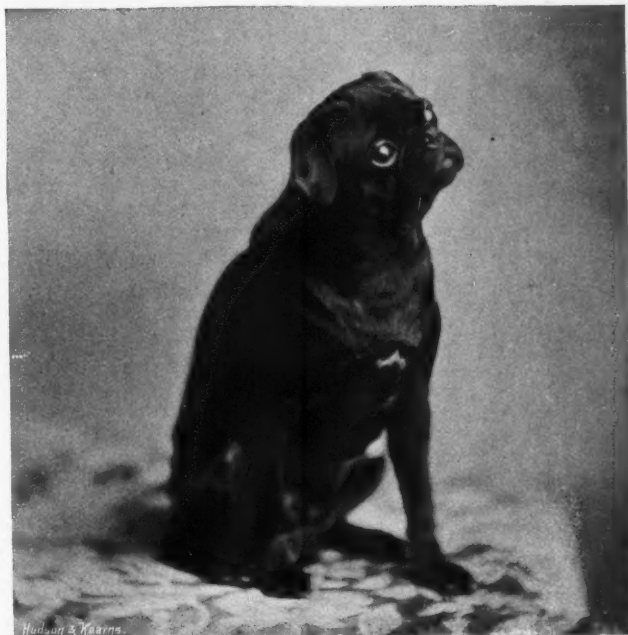


Photo. by Plumbe

DUKE BEIRA.

Maidenhead.

Soon after this Miss Mackenzie took the variety up, guaranteed classes and gave specials to encourage the breeding, and so much labour and patience has she expended upon the breed that she is now, and very justly, the accepted authority on the variety. Her great regret is that a few other breeders, in their greed to produce so taking a Toy in response to the public demand, have crossed it with the English Terrier, and she claims that in doing so they are losing that distinctive and singularly graceful swan carriage of neck and head which, in her own pure-bred specimens, is so strongly marked.

The present holder of the Thirty-Guinea Challenge Cup of the Ladies' Kennel Association is the pretty BOYKIE, owned by Mrs. Johnstone, of Ashted, Surrey, a very smart black specimen of the curly variety of Poodle. He is of moderate size, some say too small, his height being between that of a Toy (under sixteen inches) and the usual size of twenty inches at shoulder. Boykie, strange to say, escaped the attention of English judges, and it was not until the great Parisian authority on the breed, Monsieur Frégis, declared him to be a worthy champion, and awarded the chief honours to Boykie, that he obtained his deserts. Since then he has received a great deal of notice, and has become one of the prominent curls looked for at the leading shows; but his mistress does not care to exhibit him often, so that Boykie has to rest on his laurels and a contented holder of the Ladies' Challenge Cup, a possession which he will have to contest, however, next July, at the L.K.A. Show.

The Dachshund, Elshender, and his kennel companions, who make such an attractive gallery of faces, are well known to all fanciers, as they are invariably represented by one or other of the pack at the more important kennel gatherings, when, if not in the first rank, they are generally found in the second. Miss Ramsbottom quite recently had the honour of sending one of her dogs to Prince Victor Hohenlohe, who was pleased to accept it, and since then she has exported a quartette to America, but she does not breed for profit, as some might suppose, but like many other ladies, she finds it necessary to lessen her kennels now and again, otherwise they would become expensive and unmanageable.



Photo. by Weston,

DACHSHUNDS.

Dover.



MRS. SAMUELSON'S IAPS.

UNITED HUNTS: LINGFIELD.

MEMBERS of the Surrey, Sussex, and Kent Hunts held the anniversary of their annual meeting, under National Hunt Rules, at Lingfield, in weather of the most favourable description. This especially pretty course looked even more attractive than its wont on the lovely spring afternoon on which this gathering was held, the day being one of those with which the last days of April gave the fair promise of May which, up to Jubilee day, was so conspicuously unfulfilled. There was a large attendance in every department, and a long line of carriages faced the rails opposite the stands, which were well filled. The arrangements of the club enclosure at Lingfield are so comfortable and convenient that it has become an especially favourite rendezvous with the fair sex. The members' stand during racing carried a bevy of beauty in



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE MEMBERS' LAWN.

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Photo. W. A. Rouch. THE WINNER OF THE RED COAT STEEPLECHASE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WAITAKI MAKING RUNNING.

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herbiferous hats. Under the excellently able management of Mr. Robert Fowler, Lingfield keeps going ahead, and the latest addition to the race-course buildings, the new members' stand, placed nearly at right angles to the main structure, commands a fine view of the racing and the surrounding country.

In the Lingfield Hunters' Hurdle Race, Sweet Bird, who nearly secured this event last year, managed to catch the judge's eye. Corner, who was not backed, looked like winning the Open Steeplechase until he was collared by *Caldie* at the last hurdle. From that point a capital race up the straight took place, Lord Denman's horse ultimately winning by a good length. The Light-weight Red Coat Steeplechase was won by Lord William Beresford's brown mare *Manister*, who was made favourite and in the hands of Mr. A. H. Ripley scored a very decisive victory. Major Hardinge got his own mare, *Waitaki*, home first in the *Skeynes Plate*, winning in a canter from *Juggler II.* and *Glamour*. For the Farmers' Race *Sally* and *Indiscretion* shared favouritism. The first-named was objected to for having competed at an unrecognised meeting. After hearing evidence the stewards awarded the race to *Indiscretion*, and referred the matter to the National Hunt Committee. *True Blue*, who was not backed, took the Lingfield Heavy-weight Hunters, the favourite, *Gambler*, having to put up with third place. *Chance It*, who won the Stock Exchange Challenge Cup over this course in April, was again successful over the same distance in the final event, giving Major Hardinge his third winning mount of the day.

SMALL GOLD MINES.

CERTAIN notable brood mares have been at one time purchased for amounts under thirty guineas or thereabouts, and that by men of little means. Such mares, by their progeny, have proved small gold mines to their owners, whom they have, in many instances, raised to comparative affluence. Instances are Queen Mary, and Agnes by Clarion. The former was the making of the I'Ansons, of Malton, and the latter mare did much for the Osbornes and Snarrys. Descendants

of Agnes, when owned by members of the aristocracy, have not failed to sustain their prestige, as witness the mare that bred Ormonde, "the horse of the century," and many another good one, including the handsome chestnut, Kendal. The Agnes family, in their various branches, show up everywhere; and there is a certain amount of perplexity in remembering the Pollies, Dark, Fair, and the other various changes that have been rung on the name of the daughter of Clarion and Annette.

LINGFIELD.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

OVER THE WATER.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

COMING BACK TO SCALE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CHANCE IT.

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That charming book, "In the North Countree," tells us how old John Osborne bought Annette, with her filly foal (Agnes), for fifteen guineas, at Shrewsbury, about fifty years ago; and now it is from her that the aforesaid Agnes line comes, all fair good ones and some of them real "smashers."

Queen Mary was another cheap lot. I think she was a gift to old Mr. I'Anson. Her first foal—of doubtful parentage, being by Mango or Lanercost—was Haricot, and was the only one of all the Queen's foals whose name did not have B for the initial letter. "The Druid" tells how, having disposed of Haricot, when he found her dam's stock were turning out so well, he hunted her up and bought her for £20, with Caller Ou at foot. For which, by the way, he was well laughed at. As a noted brood mare, Queen Mary is a name "to conjure with," for out of her twenty-two years as a matron she reared eighteen living foals. And what a lot of well-known names appear among that eighteen, either as first-rate racehorses or brood mares! One of her first sons was the handsome Bonnie Scotland by Iago, who afterwards went to America, and did right royally as a sire in the States, being quite as good as his fellow exile, Leamington. Of Queen Mary's filly foals I call to mind Braxey by Moss Trooper, whose line was last year to the fore in her great granddaughter, Canterbury Pilgrim by Tristan. Then comes Blooming Heather, who was the dam, amongst many other good ones, of Mahonia, who, after a ding-dong and very exciting finish, beat Kingcraft, at Ascot, by a short head, when both were two years old. Blink Bonny comes next, but she is a history in herself; and the same may be said of Haricot, the dam of Caller Ou and grandam of Pandore, Poldoody, Pearl, and others of the P division. I must not forget such matrons as Bab at the Bowster, Bonny Breast Knot, and Bonny Bell, the two latter by Voltigeur; and of the sons the old Queen gave birth to were there not Broomielaw and Blinkhoolie? In Blink Bonny's stud career there was the "guinea stamp" in a double meaning with Blair Athol, Breadalbane, and Borealis.

Topass on to another cheap lot, The Bloomer. This was a very well-bred mare indeed,

and one that *might* have been a little gold mine to the ever impecunious Tom Olliver when he lived at Prestbury, near Cheltenham. As it was, did she not look such a bag of bones when brought to the hammer by legal process that no one would look at her? Every middle-aged racing man knows how, passing into the hands of Mr. W. S. Cartwright, she became the dam of the steeplechaser Penarth, Fairwater, the beautiful Ely, by the also handsome Kingston, and last, but not least, of Princess of Wales, the dam of Albert Victor, Louise Victoria, George Frederick, and many others of Mr. Cartwright's royal family of race-horses. What a chance the Black Prince did miss!

Besides Princess of Wales, what a number of small gold mines, in the way of brood mares, come under that same initial. For instance, there was Prunella and her famous daughter Penelope, Pocahontas, Phryne, and Paradigm, amongst others. Prunella, besides Penelope, had such good racing and brood mares as Parasol and Pelisse, as well as Pope, by Waxy, the Derby winner of 1809. And what a record Penelope can show at the stud! Following a practice which was in that day not at all uncommon among owners, the initial letter W was used for all her progeny that lived (except her first one), and these were just a dozen in number, and among them there were such good ones as the four colts Whalebone, Woful, Whisker, and Waterloo, and of the other sex the best were Web, Wire, Whizgig, and Waltz. Next we come to old Pocahontas, who really beats all records by being the dam in three consecutive years of such horses as Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom. I am sure most of those who are students of pedigree lore will agree with the late Bruce Lowe, that "no stud can be built up successfully without Stockwell." In addition to the trio named, Pocahontas had fairly good horses in Strood and Knight of St. Patrick, and as to mares that had good horses in themselves or their daughters there are Ayacanora, Auricula, and Auracaria, the offspring of whom were, however, better known in France, perhaps, than in England.

The last we hear of the famous Pocahontas was that at the sale of the late Lord Exeter's stud in 1867, when *thirty years old*, she was bought by the successor to the title for ten guineas!

LINGFIELD.

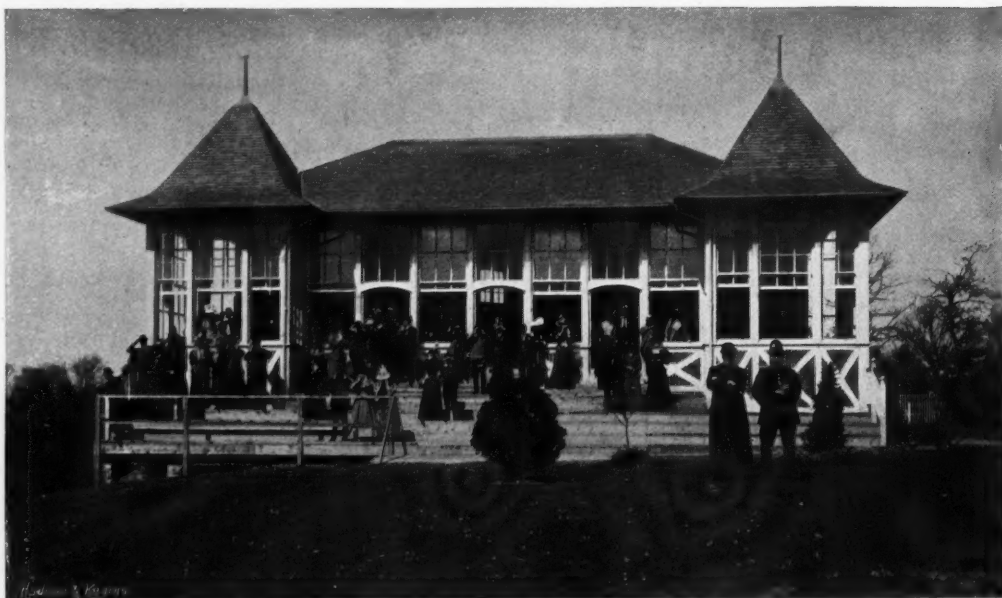


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THE NEW STAND.

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Another famous mare I have already mentioned, who changed hands after the death of her owner, was Caller Ou. When the late Mr. William I'Anson's stud was dispersed in 1881, she being then twenty one years old, and covered by Cremorne, she was sold to Mr. D. Milner for 125 guineas, and her yearling colt foal, afterwards known as Adanapaar, fetched 420 guineas. At that same sale the flying Nutbush, by Filbert, and grandam of the half-brothers Hazlethatch and Hazlemere, now serving at the stud, when twenty-one years old, was knocked down, like Pocahontas, for ten guineas.

Phryne was the dam of a good many. Elthiron, by Pantaloon, was a fairly good horse, but with his brother, Windhound, the reputed sire of Thormanby, must rest her best honours. Others, such as Hottie Noble and The Reiver, may be classed as high-priced gay deceivers, while her daughters, Rambling Katie, Katherine Logie, and Blanche of Middlebie, were not famous matrons.

Paradigm's name comes nearly as often into pedigrees as does that of Pocahontas. In sixteen years the dam of Lord Lyon bred him and twelve others, besides a couple of years having dead foals and having missed once. Of her baker's dozen came the third winner of the "triple crown" in the horse just mentioned, as well as Achievement of the flying division; but again she had such mares for great stud purposes as Gardevisure, Cognisaunce, Chevisaunce, and Paraffin. Most of her other foals were of no account.

To hark back to Phryne. Her dam Decoy did much better, in that her foals include such as the mare before noted, Sleight of Hand, Thais, Flatcatcher, Legerdemain, and others of lower degree, in Plot and Dupe, by Pantaloon, who was mated with Decoy six times, while Touchstone sired four others.

The fact that Alice Hawthorne and Beeswing were as good on the racecourse as at the stud farm is such a household word that no more need be said about that pair.

Barbette's stud deeds are known, as being the dam of Flying Dutchman two years after she had given birth to Van Tromp; the St. Leger winner of 1847, while her lesser fry included Zuvder Zee, Vanderdecken, and De Ruyter, all Dutch by name but not necessarily "Dutch built."

Nor can I pass Banter,

CHELMSFORD.

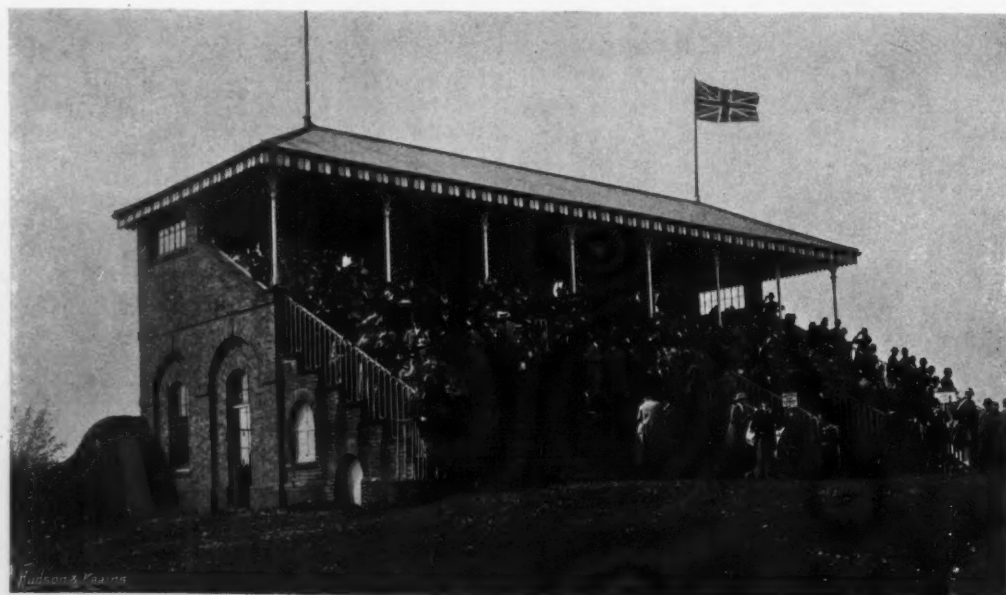


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THE STANDS.

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CHELMSFORD.



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COMING OUT OF THE PADDOCK.

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ANXIOUS TO BE OFF.

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OUTSIDE THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

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the dam of the two St. Leger winners, Touchstone and Launcelot, while of the gentler sex she produced such matrons at the stud as Sarcasm, Retort, Lampoon, Pasquinade, Jocose (dam of Macaroni), Raillery, etc., all these being very aptly named, especially suitable to the produce of so named a dam.

What can be said of Emma, by Whisker—Gibside Fairy, but that she must have been to the wealthy Mr. Bowes a little gold mine, for she figures as the dam of the two Derby winners, Mundig and Cotherstone; besides such mares as the Ladye of Silverkelde Well, Jennela, and Mowerina, the dam of West Australian, the latter a "triple crown" winner. Crucifix on the turf and Crucifix at the stud was about on a par with the Derby and St. Leger horse Surplice, besides such as Pontifex, Cowl, and others, Cowl's name often cropping up in Hermit pedigrees as being the grandsire of Seclusion.

Cyprian, the Oaks winner of 1836, was good in training and out of it, and good at walking too, as was shown by her famous three weeks' walk from Malton to Epsom, back North to win the Northumberland Plate, and home again to Whitewall. "The Druid," in one of his books, mentions this, and in days gone by I used to hear about the little tour from old Joe Wilkins, when he kept the Black Bull Hotel, at Aintree, and used to train a few horses there.

To hark back to "The Wizard of the North's" Cyprian, also famous for her bad temper and kicking powers. Her stud record was a good one, with seventeen foals in twenty-one seasons. These included Joe Lovell, by Velocipede. This horse won several races, the best being the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in 1844. After him came Songstress (Oaks, 1852), Meteora, Cypriana, Nicoria, and others, and a generation later came Too-too and other oddly named ones, belonging to Mr. John Scott, for whom Cyprian and her descendants did by no means badly.

Ghuznee, by Pantaloon—Languish—a very poor and inappropriate selection of a name for a mare so bred—was only 14½ hands when she won the Oaks in 1841 for Lord Westminster. At the stud she bred for the Earl of Derby such animals as Meanee, Storm, Assault, Attack, Scalade, and Terrific, grandam of Brag.

The foregoing are some of the many mares that may be taken as small gold mines. All of course have not been purchased cheaply, many having always been in the hands of their breeders, while some have been bought for good prices, but in almost all cases they have justified their claim to the title.

EAST ESSEX HUNT MEETING.

THE opening day of this meeting happened to clash with the City and Suburban at Epsom, so that the Metropolitan contingent of visitors, usually so numerous at the Chelmsford gatherings, was very small; local sportsmen, however, mustered in good force. Galleywood Common is situated on high ground about three miles from Chelmsford. The stands, with the weighing and dressing rooms, are substantially built, and more than usually convenient for the small class of country meeting such as those here held. A thunderstorm, with heavy rain, before midday had also a detrimental effect upon the attendance, but a beautiful spring afternoon followed, rendering the sport very enjoyable. A goodly number of vehicles lined one side of the course, while a good proportion of ladies were present in the enclosure. A capital start was made when fourteen runners were pulled out for the Galleywood Hurdle Race, for which Castana was most fancied; but a surprise was in store, as Mr. Milbank's Kidnapper, well ridden by Mr. P. Whitaker, landed an 8 to 1 chance, the favourite only just securing the third place.

The case was altered in the Selling Hurdle Race, which followed, for Luminous, an odds-on chance, gave no uneasiness to backers, Mr. Guy Marsh's mount sailing home an easy winner

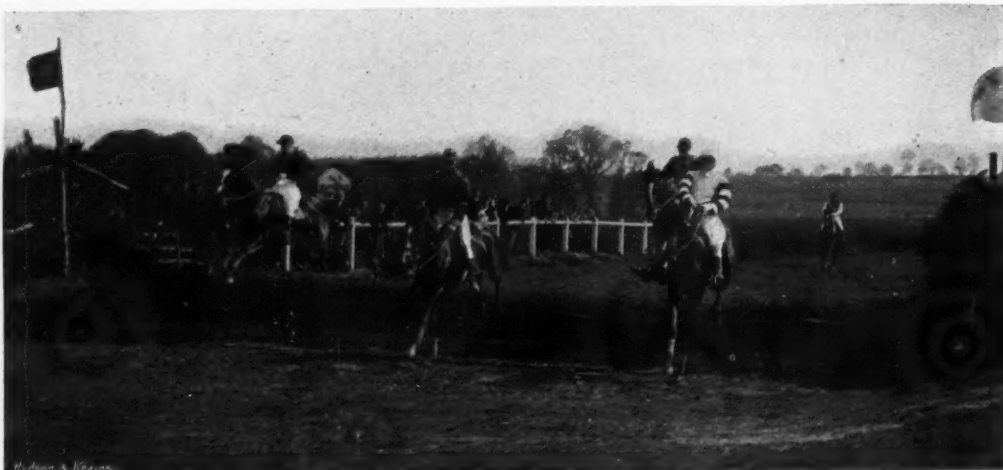


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SOME OLD NOVICES.

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by twenty lengths from his four opponents. Teacake, who was the worst favourite of the four that came to the post for the Open Steeplechase, was another upset, though she only just got home by a neck in a close race with the favourite, Padishah. A good field of half-a-score of candidates came out for the Novices' Steeplechase. Of these Mullacreina was backed with such spirit that only 6 to 4 could be obtained about her at the finish. There was quite a chapter of accidents during the race, the favourite looking all over a winner until she fell at the last fence, when Pitlochery came away and won at his leisure by

twelve lengths. Lightning and Recruit also came down in the race, the rider of the latter, Mr. Beard, being badly shaken, though, fortunately, no bones were broken. Mr. Guy Marsh rode the winners of the last two events, Ratsbane and Elliman, thus winning three races out of six mounts during the afternoon, and his successes were greeted with hearty cheering.

The second day of the meeting—on which our artist was present—was favoured with beautiful summer-like weather, the company being larger than on the opening day, and ladies again mustering in strong force. The sport was again above the average, and if the numbers of starters for the half-dozen events did not come up to the average of the first day, they will compare favourably with other recent fixtures. Eight runners were weighed out for the Chelmsford Selling Hurdle Race, for which Kidnapper, on the strength of his victory on the previous day, was installed favourite at 5 to 4, while 7 to 4 was accepted about Luminous. The latter, who was the mount of Mr. Guy Marsh—who had three winning mounts on the first day—came away in the straight for home, and won handsomely by eight lengths. It was a feather in Mr. Marsh's cap not only to be credited with riding four winners at the meeting, but also that he should have trained half-a-dozen of the successful horses at his Royston establishment. For the second Novice Steeplechase, which followed, no mistake was made by those who speculated on the race, for Mr. Braikenridge's



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ADSDEAN WIN.

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GOING TO THE POST

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Mr. Gilmore, who was made a pronounced favourite, justified the confidence of his supporters by a ridiculously easy win, which the judge gave as twenty lengths. Mr. Percy Tippler's Adsdean, who also started favourite for the succeeding event, had no difficulty in disposing of three opponents in the Galleywood Steeplechase. Of the trio that came out for the East Essex Plate, Hampton Chief was most liked, and Mr. Christy's horse eventually got home first, to the great satisfaction of his backers, winning rather cleverly at the finish by three lengths from Success. The last two events fell to Castana and Schoolgirl respectively, the last mentioned, who belongs to Mr. Bendall, a well-known sportsman of East Suffolk, carrying off the Farmers' Cap from four opponents. There is always a good deal of local interest attached to races of this description, and the one under notice was no exception to the rule. In fact the sport altogether was of a very attractive character.



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A BUSY CORNER.

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THE PROBABLE STARTERS FOR THE DERBY.

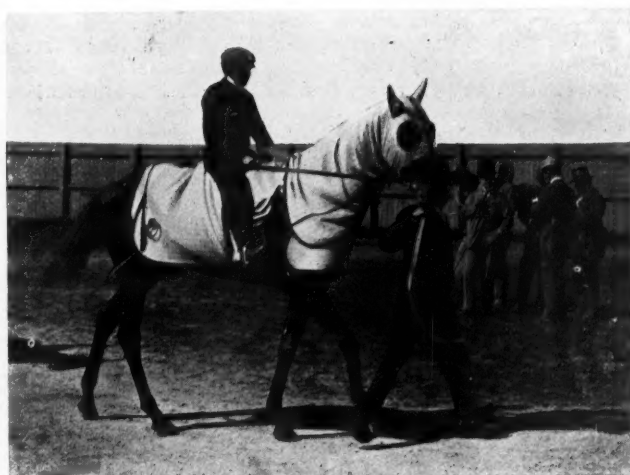


Photo. by Rouch.

GALTEE MORE.

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One or two of them may drop out before the day, but their places are nearly sure to be filled by those altogether unexpected competitors who almost invariably turn up at the last moment as starters in the Great Epsom Race.

In their time there have been many very hot favourites for the Derby, who have failed to maintain their market prominence in the actual race. In 1890 Surefoot looked a practical certainty, but at the same time not more so than did MacGregor twenty years previously, and yet, from different causes, neither of them proved equal to winning the race. The same fate may be in store for the stalwart Galtee More, though it is hard to see any quarter from which an as yet unsuspected danger may come. There seems to be practically no dark horse this year, except Kenn, who is now known to be a mere bogie, whilst SILVER FOX, by Satiety—Silver Sea, has greatly shaken the faith of the whilom believers in his merits by his performance in the Dee Stakes at Chester. That he will be more at home on Epsom Downs than he was round the Roodee turns may be taken for granted, but his two year old form was after all only moderate, so that it is hard to see how he can have any chance of really troubling the favourite. Among the illustrations which accompany this article is a picture of this colt, who has already figured in the pages of RACING ILLUSTRATED on two previous occasions.

MOST of the following horses will, in all probability, be found in the field for the 118th Derby, to be run on the Wednesday of next week:—

Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. BERZAK, by Sensation—Belphoebe (cherry, cherry and black hooped sleeves, black cap, with gold tassel)	F. Finlay
Mr. Fairie's b. c. EAGER, by Enthusiast—Greeba (white, orange sleeves and cap)	C. Ward
Mr. C. D. Rose's b. c. FRISSON, by Chittabob—Surprise (blue, black sleeves, red cap)	Braiford
Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. GALTEE MORE, by Kendal—Morganette (violet, crimson buttons and cap)	C. Wood
Duke of Westminster's br. c. GUERNSEY, by Bend Or—Jersey Lily (yellow, black cap)	R. Moreton
Sir S. Scott's b. c. HISTORY, by Hampton—Isabelle (Eton blue, scarlet collar, cuffs, and cap)	O. Madden
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c. MONTEREY, by Goldfinch—Mutina (cream, olive-green sleeves, red cap)	F. Allsopp
Baron Schickler's gr. c. PALMISTE II., by Le Sancy—Perplexite (white, crimson sleeves and cap)	Lane
Mr. Richard Croker's ch. c. ROMAN CHIEF, by Hanover—Golden Rule (dark blue, gold tassel on cap)	Calder
Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. SILVER FOX, by Satiety—Silver Sea (pink, olive-green sleeves, pink cap)	S. Loates
Lord Rosebery's b. c. VELASQUEZ, by Donovan—Vista (primrose and rose hoops, rose cap), or b. f. CHELANDRY, by Goldfinch—Illuminata (primrose and rose hoops, rose cap)	J. Watts



Photo. by Rouch.

VELASQUEZ.

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Another outsider is Sir Samuel Scott's History, by Hampton—Isabelle, who has won a good trial with Son o' Mine. As a two year old his form was considerably below that of Silver Fox, and it would be a curious coincidence if the grand old Hampton were to have another Derby winner in the very year in which it was feared that he was altogether done for. But that is not likely to occur, for even if anything unforeseen were to interfere with the march of triumph of the favourite, it would take better form than winning the Criterion Nursery, with 6st. 9lb. in the saddle, to win the Derby this year. Popular though the success would be, Sir Samuel Scott's colt is hardly likely to have come on to the extent he would require to have done to be in the first class this year.

A portrait of GALTEE MORE, taken at Newmarket, walking round the Birdcage in the Second Spring week, is here given.



Photo. by Rouch.

BERZAK.

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As has before been noted in these columns, the son of Kendal and Morganette is a big powerful colt of the regular Irish type, with capital legs and feet, except for some slight vein trouble in one of his forelegs which is never likely to do him any harm, unless the ground gets very hard indeed, and not even then, perhaps. Although a big colt, he has no lumber, is full of quality, and is a beautifully light mover. In fact, he is really as good-looking a race-horse as anyone could wish to see. He has, moreover, shown that he can gallop, by winning the Middle Park Plate, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the Newmarket Stakes, and from his breeding—he is inbred to Stockwell—there is no reason to doubt that he is well able to stay. He may not be another Ormonde, but there is at the same time no reason why he should not be, while he does not need to be much above the class of a Sainfoin, a Sefton, or a Sir Bevy's, to win the Derby in such a year as the present.

It is ever the way of the public to pour out the vials of its contempt on any fallen idol. So it is now with Velasquez, though to a certain extent without reason. His great superiority to most of his age last summer was partly due to his being more forward, and I could never see much scope for improvement in him. It was for this reason, and because Galtee More was evidently a mere baby all the early part of the year, that I expected Mr. Gubbins's colt to make the better three year old of the two, and was strongly of opinion that he would beat Lord Rosebery's colt in the Middle Park Plate. That Galtee More did so is as ancient history as the death of Queen Anne, but all through the winter the defeat of Velasquez was persistently put down as a fluke by the majority of writers, and it was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness to say that it was no fluke. The Two Thousand Guineas, in which the Irish colt cantered away from Velasquez, and beat him as easily as he had done in the Middle Park Plate last autumn, proved that I was right. At the same time there are good grounds for believing that the son of Donovan was not at his best on the

Two Thousand day; and although in my opinion he will never beat Galtee More over any distance further than six furlongs, he may make a much better fight of it with the favourite at Epsom than he did over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket.

This is, of course, pre-supposing that he runs, which it is just possible he may not do, if Lord Rosebery decides to start Chelandry in preference. It is not yet decided which is to carry the primrose and rose hoops, nor is it likely to be until just before the day of the race. It is quite possible that Goldfinch's game, wiry daughter may be a better animal than Velasquez is this year. For she is beyond question bred to stay, and moves like lasting for ever, whilst she is just the sort for the Epsom course; and should she go to the post she is pretty sure to make the Two Thousand winner put his best foot foremost.

That there are some really good American racers in England this year is quite evident, and among them is that hard, handy, and improving colt, Berzak, who may make a better three year old than most people expect. He is by Sensation out of Belphoebe, and as all his sire's stock improve with age, and like to hear their feet rattle, Mr. Lorillard's colt is likely to show better form this summer than he ever has done yet, especially if the ground is as hard as it was on last Derby day. It is not suggested that he will, bar accidents, beat Galtee More, for Mr. Gubbins's colt has twice this season made a hack of him; but Berzak will not disgrace himself over the Epsom course, and may very likely run a good horse next Wednesday afternoon.

Two of our illustrations are of VELASQUEZ, with Watts up, and BERZAK, with Finlay in the saddle. Of the other likely starters, Eager began well last season, but he is a short-shouldered colt, and as he was no better than Goletta last year, he may not be so good as Berzak is now. Frisson finished behind Galtee More and Berzak in the Newmarket Stakes; Guernsey, beautifully bred as he is, by Bend Or—Jersey Lily, has been twice beaten this season; History has always run moderately in public, whatever he may have done at home; Monterey, on the Gimcrack Stakes form, was last year just about the same horse as Silver Fox. Palmiste II. may be a good horse, but there is a doubt about his seeing the post, and in any case nothing can be known about his chance, since there is no line by which the three year old form in England and France can be compared. Mr. Croker may start the American-bred Roman Chief, by Hanover; but on his last season's form he will require to have improved out of all knowing to beat the crack. It is just possible that Vesuvian may be a really great horse, and a better



Photo. by Rouch.

SILVER FOX.

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than Galtee More, for he has only run once, and then won easily, but he did not look like it at Newmarket last week, and if he is he will have no chance of showing his capability in the Derby, for he has been struck out of the race. He will probably not be at his best till about Ascot time, if then.

The French colt, Palmiste II., might upset all calculations, but, barring accidents, it seems difficult to suppose that anything will be found to beat Galtee More, while, whichever Lord Rosebery runs, Berzak and Silver Fox ought to furnish the other two placed horses between them.

T. Y. C.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

THE ROMANCE OF ISABEL, LADY BURTON, told in part by herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. London: Hutchinson.

LET me begin with a personal confession. I began to read this strange book with some reluctance, and simply because it was a duty which could not be postponed to the Greek Kalends. I felt that the time had almost come for the decent burial of all the controversies associated with the name of

Sir Richard Burton, and that the waters of Lethe might well be left to roll, smooth and undisturbed, over all the venomous criticism poured upon Lady Burton for destroying certain manuscripts, the work of her dead husband, which she had seen and read, whereas those who censured her based their invective solely upon pure or impure conjecture. At last I laid down the second volume, after reading and re-reading every word of it, in the distinct conviction that, having seen many men and many cities, and having read multitudinous books, of the writing of which there is no end, I had not encountered, either in real life or in fiction, any life or record of a life which could be compared for almost weird interest with that of the high-spirited and world-worn woman who "crossed to the

other side"—to use the beautiful expression of the Welsh peasantry—early in the spring of last year. Romantic in disposition beyond all precedent, adventurous in temperament, loving and faithful till death, devoted to her husband, strangely mystical in her thoughts, Lady Burton found herself for the greater part of her life in an environment absolutely harmonious with her character and in which almost any other woman in the world would have been consistently and monotonously wretched. Of her, on the other hand, it may be written that she "enjoyed greatly and greatly suffered," and that her life's story, which is, almost entirely, the record of her love for that strange being Richard Burton, is of enthralling fascination.

She encounters us first in these pages in the shape of a beautiful girl, justly proud of her lineage as an Arundell of War over.

"Ere William fought and Harold fell,
There were Earls of Arundell."

"I had," she writes, "large, dark blue, earnest eyes, and long black eyelashes and eyebrows, which seemed to grow shorter the older I got. I had very white regular teeth, and very small hands and feet and waist. . . . I had beautiful hair, very long, thick, and soft, with five shades in it, and of a golden brown. My nose was aquiline."

Such was the appearance of the girl who, even in her late childhood, had a passionate delight in the companionship of those who led a wild and lawless life. Especially did she affect the society of one Hagar Burton, a true gypsy, who cast her horoscope and wrote it out in Romany. Now it may be assumed that no reasoning being of to-day gives any credence to horoscopes or any mysticism of the kind; but the exactitude with which Hagar Burton's forecast was fulfilled was certainly a circumstance calculated to impress a less imaginative and romantic mind than that of Lady Burton. "You will cross the sea and be in the same town with your destiny and not know it." In due time, after a triumphant and scornful season in London, the brilliant young beauty did cross the sea, to Boulogne, and was in that town with Richard Burton, who was certainly her destiny, and knew it not. Then comes a general indication of difficulties to be encountered steadfastly ("Your life will be like one swimming against big waves"), which would not be noticeable but for other coincidences of detail. "You will bear the name of our tribe and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we are. Your life is all wandering, change, and adventure." Small wonder is it that Lady Burton, in spite of the abiding strength of her religious convictions, should have remembered again and again, during her long period of waiting for Richard Burton, in the face of the strong opposition of her mother, in her wanderings and troubles in South America and in the East, the almost mathematical exactitude with which the prophecy was fulfilled.

In Boulogne, on the commanding ramparts of the Haute Ville, she encountered Burton, with his "fierce, proud, melancholy expression," for the first time. "I was completely magnetised; and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister and said 'That man will marry me.'" In truth, she fell honestly and head over ears in love, and in her diary she rhapsodised over Richard. "Where are all those men who inspired the *grandes passions* of bygone days? Is the race extinct? Is Richard the last of them?" "How worthless I should be to any other man but Richard Burton." The very mien of the man, his dark, penetrating, gypsy eyes, his Arab countenance, his resolute lower-jaw, captivated her on the spot, and the story of his wild, roving, and vagabond life enslaved her absolutely. But, before realising or declaring his love, Burton started on that famous and perilous pilgrimage to Mecca which is recorded by him in his well-known book; and, the pilgrimage over, Burton went first to Bombay, then on his dauntless expedition to Harar, which he entered alone, in the disguise of an Arab merchant, being the first white man to set foot in that city, after a journey of four months through the savage desert. That reader must be indeed hard of heart who can read without sympathy the passages of the diary in which the lonely girl poured out her heart.

"But I am alone and unloved. . . . Is there no hope for me? I am so full of faith. Is there no pity for so much love? It makes my heart ache, this future of desolation and distress; it ever flits like the thought of death before my eyes. There is no more joy for me: the lustre of life is gone."

But joy, long delayed, was to come at last. Wounded in his second Harar expedition, he returned to England for a month, rushed off to the Crimea, became the organiser of General Beaton's Irregular Cavalry, the Bashi Bazouks,

and with Beaton came back to England. It was not long before Isabel secured her heart's delight, and declared to Burton "I have prayed for you every morning and night; I have followed all your career minutely; I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust with you than be queen of all the world." But fruition came not at once. They dared not permit their engagement to be known, and in the meanwhile Burton made the dangerous expedition to Africa with Speke which cost so much trouble and angry discussion, closed only by Speke's tragic death in later years. In the interval Isabel seems to have found comfort in her implicit faith in Burton's constancy, and distraction in a Continental tour. At last he came back, and she describes his appearance:

"I shall never forget Richard as he was then. He had had twenty-one attacks of fever—had been partially paralysed and partially blind. He was a mere skeleton, with brown-yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth."

There was bitter opposition for a while and more pain for Isabel while Burton made an expedition to Salt Lake City, and she, in the interval, accustomed herself to the work of a farmhouse, to fodder cattle, to groom horses, to milk cows, and the like matters. Also she began to learn fencing, "to defend Richard, of course, when he and I are attacked in the wilderness together." When at last they were married, Burton's first consular appointment was to Fernando Po, "a deadly climate and £700 a year." Mr. Wilkins is doubtless right in saying that, vile as the climate was, Burton was lucky to get the appointment, for he was something of an Ishmael and always in hot water with all kinds of authorities; but he clearly could not take his wife to "the Foreign Office grave." While he was away she used her influence and that of her friends with the Foreign Office incessantly—indeed, she must have been a terror to Foreign Secretaries, since she deemed it part of the whole duty of a wife to push the interests of her husband. And at last their life of joint adventure began at Rio. It was, however, during the two years before Burton was recalled from Damascus that this extraordinary woman tasted the pleasures of life to the full. Dearly she loved the home at Damascus. "We made a beautiful arbour in the Garden opposite—a garden of roses and jessamine, and we made it by lifting up overladen vines and citrons, and the branches of lemon and orange trees, and supporting them on a framework, so that no sun could penetrate their luxuriant leafage. We put a divan in this arbour, which overlooked the rushing river." But other things than rest and divans by the waterside interested Burton's wife. She entered into his official life, heart and soul, and joined him in many a wild expedition into the desert, dressed in the costume of an Arab, or disguised as his son. The Orientals must have marvelled at her. A servant rode three times across her path. "The first time I begged him not to do so, as it was very dangerous, and the second time I threatened him, and the third time I broke my hunting whip across his face." On another occasion one Hasan was insolent to her in Zebedani. "So I sprang nimbly from the saddle, and seized him by the throat, twisting his necktie tightly, and at the same time showering blows upon his head, face, and shoulders with the butt-end of my whip till he howled for mercy." By no means a woman to be trifled with was Isabel, Lady Burton. But for Richard Burton she was essentially the right wife. The "breath of the desert was liberty" to her as to him; if she helped on occasion to involve him in trouble with authorities—and Mr. Wilkins notwithstanding, one cannot help thinking that she had something to do with the dislike which headquarters felt for him—she helped him also in every difficulty. Through the long years of disappointment at Trieste, she was never absent from his side, sharing his resentment against his superiors for neglect which made him bitterly indignant, but constantly stimulating him to fresh effort, and assiduous, in spite of many rebuffs, in pressing his claims to promotion in season and out of season. A strange man was this, and full of faults no less than of reckless courage, yet the friend of Charles Gordon; an extraordinary woman was this, but emphatically made for Richard Burton, as he, in his turn, "soldier of fortune and a soldier at heart," was the one man in the world who could have lived with her. Their life was disturbed by many storms from without. As old Hagar prophesied, it was like "one swimming against big waves," but that their enjoyments were equal to their sorrows no reasoning man can doubt. *Requiescat in pace* in that place where, having "heard his camel's bell," she has joined her kindred spirit.

X.

TOWN TOPICS.

IT is curious to hear the different impressions that were formed by various spectators who witnessed the opening ceremony of the Blackwall Tunnel with regard to the construction of this magnificent work. One lady, who occupied a seat just within the entrance gate, at the Middlesex end, asserts that the tunnel consists of a straight road covered with fresh gravel, and that in order to go through it there is no necessity to pass underground. From what she had read in the papers, she had been led to suppose it had been constructed under the river, but as she could not discover any water at all, she was convinced that this, like everything else, was a myth. Unfortunately she came to and returned from her seat by the same route, which was *via* Poplar, so that all she saw of the result of these wonderful engineering works was the entrance arch, the gate of which formed a most important part of the ceremony, for as soon as this was unlocked, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales declared the tunnel opened. This arch is erected at some distance from the tunnel itself, so that as soon as the gate was open the procession drove straight on, and passing through the main structure, arrived at the entrance on the Kent side, where it drew up in front of the pavilion. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and the Duke of York, left their carriage and stood on the dais that had been prepared for them. The Prince, in an excellent speech, in which he was clearly heard, in spite of the continuous flapping of the awnings, pleased many of his hearers by alluding to the Queen as "my dear mother." It was unanimously agreed that he was looking remarkably well, and that though the grey hairs are increasing, these by no means detract from the charm of his appearance.

Before the Royal party started on their homeward way, the chief engineer, Mr. Alexander R. Binnie, produced a model of the shield and explained how by the working of this wonderful apparatus the excavation had been made. After the Royal procession had moved off, the same explanation was given by the engineer to many of the spectators.

The decorations were admirably carried out, and a very pretty effect was produced by various shades of green, the material used being a paper which was

of so thin a texture that it was almost transparent. After what has lately been achieved in this way both here and at Sheffield, we may hope for great things on the 22nd of June. In matters of this kind there is no doubt that co-operation is the secret of success, for if individual householders are allowed to follow their own sweet fancy the effect is sure to be grotesque. There are many who have not forgotten seeing a huge banner flying from a large house in Piccadilly at the time of the last Jubilee, on which the words "Welcome home" were inscribed, and when the Queen sent to inquire what it meant, the owner said he had had it made when the Guards came back from Egypt, and he had thought it would be a pity not to use it again.

The Princess of Wales looked very charming, but her expression was pensive, even sad, except when she smiled, a fact attributed, by those who studied the winsome face, to the state of affairs in Greece. H.R.H. wore a black broché skirt embroidered in sequins, a dove-grey cape with mauve ruching about the neck, and a mauve bonnet. Princess Victoria had a pretty grass-lawn gown, a cape of darker grey than her mother's, and a toque with pink roses in it. The Royal group was a brilliant one, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge wearing the scarlet uniform and white-plumed helmet of field-marshal, the Duke of York his dark blue and gold uniform as naval aide-de-camp to the Queen, and the Duke of Teck a military uniform.

Mr. Binnie, whose name is in every mouth just now as the chief engineer of that "romance of science," the Blackwall Tunnel, who designed and planned this unique and splendid feat, bears a remarkably strong resemblance to the late Sir Henry Ponsonby. He is a tall; distinguished-looking man, with a deep, melodious voice, and one of his characteristics is a retiring modesty which is as unusual as it is delightful. Unfortunately, however, this quality often relegates its possessors to the background, while others of less merit avail themselves of the opportunity to push to the front. Married to a charming and cultivated Irish lady, Mr. Binnie leads an ideal life, happy in his home and among his children, and triumphant in his congenial profession.

On Tuesday morning Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, opened the Exhibition of Fans organised by the Fanmakers' Company, at Drapers' Hall. H.R.H. Princess Louise looked charmingly cool and fresh in a cream-coloured

gown of some light thin woollen material, and a small toque composed of loops of green silk and one or two crimson roses. She was presented with an exquisite fan-shaped bouquet of variegated orchids, and was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, who made a very amusing speech. In addition to the competitive fans there is a very interesting Loan Exhibition, to which the Queen has contributed four beautiful specimens of historic attraction. The Duchess of York, who possesses a fine collection and is quite an expert, lends four, and Princess Louise seven. Among other exhibitors are the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.

The Victorian Era Exhibition, opened on Monday by the Duke of Cambridge, will repay several visits. The streets of "Old London" are reproduced with fidelity, even to the oil-lamps and the lumpy cobbles of the roadway. The houses are highly quaint and picturesque. In the women's section one of the most interesting exhibits is the actual car which accompanied Miss Florence Nightingale on her philanthropic mission in the Crimean War. Lady George Hamilton is to be warmly congratulated upon her successful efforts in this department. She has also obtained a model of the cabin presented by the Queen to the Royal Sailors' Rest, at Devonport. Portraits of women who have made themselves famous during this record reign form another interesting section, the beautiful photographs exhibited by Miss Alice Hughes being not the least attractive item. This lady seems to portray the loveliest faces in England. The exquisite lace shown by the Irish Industries' Association, much of it having been lent by Lady Londonderry, should obtain many orders for the distressed workers for whom the beautiful and kind-hearted Marchioness has done so much. There is a nook set apart for the display of inventions by women, and among them is a "muff" for bicyclists who suffer from cold hands, and an ingenious "baster" for meat devised by Lady Hall. In the outer court Irish lace-makers will be daily at work, and a very picturesque Highland cottage thatched with heather is to be the background for Scottish workers.

An interesting gathering took place in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey last week when the ceremony of unveiling a bust of Sir Walter Scott, which had been placed in the Poets' Corner, was performed by the Duke of Buccleuch. The Dean of Westminster presided, and Mr. A. Balfour, M.P., and Colonel Hay, the United States Ambassador, made appreciative remarks on the author's life and works. The Duke had, however, had some personal experiences in connection with Sir Walter, as while still a baby he believed he had had the honour of shaking hands with the poet. The Duke's grandfather was the greatest friend he had, and it was through his grandmother's influence that he wrote the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The collection of miniatures formed by Mr. J. Lumsden Propert, which is now on view at the Fine Art Society's, has a historical as well as an artistic interest. It was formed with the idea of not only illustrating the history of miniature painting, but also of bringing together a collection of men and women celebrated in history, whose portraits have been handed down to posterity in this dainty and charming manner. Amongst them we find examples of all the great miniaturists' work from Holbein for three centuries downwards, including such well-known names as Samuel Cooper, Oliver, Hilliard, Vandyck, the Petitots, Sir Peter Lely, and Cosway. There are portraits of Lady Jane Seymour, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Anne, the beauties of the Stuart and Georgian Courts, Marie Therese, and the hapless Marie Antoinette, not to mention Tudor and Stuart Kings, Cromwell, Milton, and three of Shakespeare. Apart from the exquisite workmanship and delicacy of colouring, the romantic lives of many of the sitters cannot fail to appeal very strongly to the public. Many of these pictures now offered for sale were once the cherished possessions of lovers, who night and morning gazed on the features of fair ladies' faces, and probably obeyed the command which is to be read inscribed around one of the choicest of the collection—"Look, remember, and love."

Saturday was a splendid night at the opera, a magnificent house having assembled in honour of the reappearance of the brothers De Reszke, neither of whom, in voice or acting, showed the smallest sign of fatigue after their six months of arduous professional work in America. The opera was "Lohengrin," and as comparisons are odious, it may be sufficient to say that the orchestra, under the conductorship of M. Anton Seidl, achieved effects undreamed of before, and perfectly delighted the brilliant assemblage, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of York. It was a "jewel" night, and the boxes held a galaxy of beauty.

The Ladies' Kennel Association, with its usual good fortune, has secured the Botanical Gardens for its Dog Show, which will be held on the 8th of June and two following days. Last year it was held at Holland House, and the year before at the Ranelagh Club.

The Empress Club enjoyed a magnificent "send-off" on its opening day, when Dover Street was completely blocked by the carriages of the members who were present. Lady Jane Taylor had sent out the invitations. The club is most sumptuously decorated, and everyone praised the exquisite taste shown in the choice of colouring. The Hon. Helen Henniker had an evening party there on Saturday, and a most successful one, as was inevitable when so popular a lady was hostess. Everyone looked to the best advantage in the lovely spacious rooms.

ON THE GREEN.

WHEN these notes "On the Green" had to go to press last week the holding of the championship for 1896-7 had not been decided. One was able, however, to venture a prophecy or two of a rash nature. Vardon, it had appeared, by his double success at Wallasey and Southport, was playing a remarkably brilliant game; Mr. Ball had done a round or two of remarkably low scoring; but no one, even of the professionals, had shown more evenness of a high standard of golf than Mr. Hilton. Taylor had done a wonderful round of 73, on Hoylake, but as the days drew on, with a bright sky and a keen wind, making the putting greens constantly faster and more glassy, those who knew his game and his dislike of a keen green, felt that the stars were not fighting on his side.

Even from the commencement the competition went in a way that flattered the hopes of the amateurs. Mr. Ball, favourite on his own home green of Hoylake, was round his first eighteen holes in the sterling good score of 78. This was equalled only by one other out of the field of eighty-eight starters, the second largest that has ever entered for the Open Championship, and that by A. Herd, of Huddersfield, victor of a hundred fights, though never yet holder of the championship. Only one stroke behind these two were another pair, an amateur and a professional, Mr. F. G. Tait and D. Brown, of Malvern. At 80

there were three ties, and again one of these was an amateur—Mr. Hilton, namely—and equal with him were Braid, of Romford, and Pulford, of Hoylake. The champion, Harry Vardon, handicapped himself heavily by a poor first round of 84, and Taylor, champion of the two years preceding, did only moderately with 82.

The afternoon play showed some remarkable improvement. Braid, who won a good competition in the autumn of last year on his own home green at Romford, put in a most brilliant round of 74, and so gained himself first place in the list for the day with 154. Scarcely less splendid was Mr. Hilton's return of 75, by which he placed himself a close second to Braid at 155. Both Mr. Ball and A. Herd, the leaders on the first round, fell away a bit, with 81 apiece. They tied, however, with George Pulford, who had done a 79, following his previous 80, for fourth place, at 159; and Mr. Tait, with another sterling good round of 79, took third place at a stroke less. So these two, Braid and Mr. Hilton, held a useful lead on the first day's play, which was remarkable for showing three amateurs in the first four places, and three local men of Hoylake occupying places in the same rarefied atmosphere so high on the list.

The fine weather continued on the Thursday, but the third round saw none of those remarkable scores that were returned on the previous afternoon. Braid, the leader, scored 82; yet even with that he improved his position relatively to his closest rival, Mr. Hilton, the latter taking 84, and thus coming three strokes behind Braid's total. Mr. Tait, however, put in another fine steady round of 80, and, Herd and Pulford returning 79 apiece, these three were at this stage level, all being two strokes behind Braid and a stroke the better of Mr. Hilton. Mr. Ball with 88 had drifted away to leeward.

In the final round the interest was sustained to the end. The first to finish, of the favourites, was Mr. Tait—with a third 79—making his total 317; at which Pulford, the Hoylake professional, tied with him. But soon Mr. Hilton, starting his last round with the sensational score of 18 for the first five holes, finished with a brilliant 75, making his grand total 314. James Braid, the Romford man, was his single dangerous opponent, and looked dangerous till the very end—more than dangerous three holes from home. But the sixteenth and seventeenth he played amiss, and a gallant effort for a three at the last hole left him a stroke too many, and Mr. Hilton, amateur and Englishman, had won his second Open Championship.

It was a very gallant win, showing yet again Mr. Hilton's marked power of returning a good score at the moment it is needed most. Always stronger in score play than in match play, he has twice won the Open Championship, which is a scoring competition open to the world, yet never has gained the Amateur Championship, which, while professionals are debarred from it, is decided by match play only. It now begins to be time that Scotland had a turn at the championship of her own national game; for an Englishman has won it each of the last four years—claiming as an Englishman Harry Vardon, a native of the Island of Jersey.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THERE cannot be a doubt but that Notts has discovered some very useful talent in C. E. Dench, for he has fulfilled some promise in earlier matches by a rattling good century and a half against the Colts of Yorkshire. He is a bowler, too, and should do yeoman service to his county. J. Gunn is another of the young ones who shows form worthy of his name.

It is hard luck on Prince Ranjitsinhji to have strained a leg thus early in the season; not that it seemed to have much effect on his batting when he scored 157 in the second innings for M.C.C. v. Lancashire. Still the trouble affected his running, and these strains early in the year are very apt to give pain throughout. One foresees, however, an excellent opportunity for an advertisement of "Elliman." It was Prince Ranjitsinhji's innings that practically made the match safe for the Club, though Mr. Jardine, Mr. Foley, and others backed him bravely. By-the-bye, whatever the merits of the Jameson raid, it seems the best of all possible trainings for a cricketer, for Mr. Foley has never been seen in such form as since his participation in it. The catch that he achieved off C. Smith's bat and Martin's bowling was worth going half-way to Johannesburg to learn. A very pleasant feature of the match was the perennial Mr. A. N. Hornby bustling the field, scoring an average of 20 in each innings, without once being out, younger than ever. A century apiece by Mr. Jackson and Denton made Somersetshire's task against the champion county very nearly hopeless; but they stuck to it with plenty of pluck, and deserved a draw only a little less than the winners deserved their victory. Essex, on the other hand, have been twice unlucky in drawing matches. They had all the better of Surrey, and again with Warwickshire they drew a match of which they seemed at one time to have all the best; but Walter Quaife appeared to have no trouble either with the express deliveries of Mr. Kortright or Mead, nor with Mr. Bull's slows, which seemed to puzzle everybody at the Oval. Carpenter, for Essex, played a fine innings. The county, however, on its home ground, at Leyton, which is rising in popular favour, even as Essex herself seems to be gathering her cricketing strength, won a most gallant and exciting victory over the champion county. Mr. Bull was most effective there again, though the wicket was not a slow bowler's wicket. It is commonly recognised that a slow bowler needs head, as well as hand—less commonly that he needs a third quality, heart, in addition. Mr. Bull has good heart. He does not mind how much he is hit, and goes on pitching them boldly up undismayed—a really fine bowler. Just at the finish of this championship match, though, it was the other bowler, the fast one, Mr. Kortright, who won the match for Essex, and that not by his fast bowling, but his fast batting. Essex had but three wickets to fall—bowler's wickets, all of them—when she won.

It was Abel and Brockwell that spoiled the Surrey and Sussex match, going in first and scoring each a century before they were separated. With Abel on one side and Prince Ranjitsinhji on the other, and a wicket like a billiard table, it was inevitable that a terrible lot of runs would be scored. The Surrey people were lucky in getting rid of the Sussex Indian twice as they did. Murdoch played fine cricket for the losers; but is not Mr. Chinnery a fine discovery for Surrey? Mr. W. W. Read, too, seems to be improving as the century grows older. Of centuries in the cricket field there has been a fair crop in this specially prolific season. Mr. Stewart's, for Kent, could not save the county's honour from the hands of M.C.C., for whom Storer had already scored more than a century and a-half without being out. Baker's 140 was the biggest factor in Lancashire's crushing defeat of Hants. In the interests of the bowlers, as well as of most sections of the nation, batsmen excepted, we want some rain.

LONG-SLIP.

Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne

SATURDAY: I stayed down at Datchet last night with some dear old friends of mine, and drove over to Kempton this morning, prepared to shiver at the cold, and delighted to find a glorious sunshine awaiting us on the course, with various other things. How badly most people dress for the races! There were only about eight women to-day who looked very nice—the others seemed to have imagined they had come to Ascot, and were arrayed in all the glory of kilted muslins and crêpe de chine, lace trimmings, and feathered hats. One exception to the rule of the inappropriate was a charming-looking girl in blue serge, made with the bodice double-breasted in the front, overhanging a belt right the way round, and possessed of a short basque. The small piece of the neck which was revealed by the crossing was filled in with a huge white tulle bow, and just at one side of her admirably coiffed head right down on her eyebrows was worn a black hat. All self-respecting persons are to be seen in bodices which overhang their belt at the back and at the front. The idea may not be strictly logical, but it is the idea of the moment, and should, therefore, be respected. A very little woman was wearing a black cloth



HELIOOTROPE CASHMERE SKIRT, WITH CHIFFON AND LACE BODICE.



A GREEN STRAW HAT, WITH BLACK WINGS AND IVY LEAVES.

skirt gored in flounces up to the waist, with a black silk bodice made in this fashion, trimmed with motifs of black silk guipure, with vest and bow of white tulle. Her black hat was only trimmed with an enormous paradise plume, while beneath the brim was a cluster of mauve tipped white carnations. A smart little person wore grey beige with the bodice overhanging the belt back and front, trimmed with a black and silver braid, and crowned with a little grey hat with a white paradise plume.

A grey crêpe de chine gown, very simply trimmed with a couple of kilted frills edging the collar and displaying a little vest at the top of yellow guipure, was completed with a black hat trimmed with black feathers; and very decorative was a drab cloth with revers of mauve batiste set into tucks and striped with Valenciennes lace over a vest of white silk, and this was crowned with a mauve hat trimmed with a bunch of heliotrope and a single pink rose. But the best of the gowns were undoubtedly those—I have said it before, and I say it again—which were double-breasted in the front and overhung a belt. I have quite made up my mind to have every dress in my possession altered to this style. I do not think it is particularly becoming—it needs a waist of twenty inches to exploit it to its best advantage, and it is exceedingly difficult to make; but these are minor drawbacks, and their contemplation did not prevent me enjoying my day, which was most profitable and delightful. I always like going to Kempton, the arrangements are so good; you can get lunch if you want it, and you can get tea, without being unduly crowded, and even if you go down by train the arrangements are just as easy. I know of no other racecourse that offers such facilities, and I do like to take my pleasure easily. It was quite warm when we drove home, and after we had thrown ourselves into tea-gowns and discussed for the fourteenth time the advisability of wearing blue serge for ever and for always on such occasions, I went to the billiard-room and performed the remarkable feat of a break of twenty-three, then to bed feeling myself a heroine indeed.

TUESDAY: I came up to town early this morning, and have attended three of those absurd functions known as Drawing-room teas this afternoon; just as if the mere ceremony is not fatiguing enough without adding to the boredom by entertaining your



A BLACK CASHMERE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE.

friends subsequently, and hearing them admire you gushingly, while they are all the time thinking how much nicer they themselves looked on such occasions. It is extraordinary how fervently Mabel believes that she adorns her veil and feathers with a vast superiority to Violet! Every Court gown worthy of the name this year is covered with an embroidery of lace flowers, studded with silver paillettes on crêpe de chine, worn with a satin train. I like the description of one gown of white satin, draped with lace embroidered with silver and steel, the bodice trimmed with lace, and the train of pink satin lined with pink. I think, also, a peach-coloured velvet train lined with pale blue over a peach-coloured crêpe de chine dress must have been pleasing. The next time I go I have quite determined on setting the ordinary usages at defiance, and wearing a train of jetted net lined with white lisse over an under-dress of white chiffon. I do not mind how old I look, so long as I look different.

When I reached home it was half-past six, and I found Tom and Nellie waiting for me, and they insisted that I should go for a long bicycle ride. We had a most exquisite time, snatched some indifferent food at a most indifferent wayside inn, and did not come back to London till eleven o'clock.

THURSDAY: I spent the afternoon at the Globe hearing "The Wild Duck," my first acquaintance with this play, which I had not previously read. Its home truths are wonderful—why is it that in all London there is no audience for Ibsen? Are we all such fools we cannot bear to hear our real selves revealed? I wonder whether the Norwegians are braver, or whether, if I crossed to the land of the Midnight Sun, I should find there is no audience for Ibsen in Norway? In my sober moments, which are few, I regret life does not give me time to think and realise what supreme egoists, what vain idiots, we most of us are. But on the whole perhaps existence becomes simpler if we put off our thinking until we are old—as the child says in the play, we only need pray when it's dark—devoting our youth to the more serious case of chiffon *versus* crêpe de chine.

IN THE GARDEN.



Photo, C. Dixon,

WISTARIA SINENSIS.

Kensington.

THE WISTARIA.

OUR illustration this week is of the Wistaria, charmingly represented as clustering over a classic archway, to which it adds a touch of exquisite colouring at this season. One may well call this Wistaria week; the shrub, for such it really is, attains its full beauty in the late May and early June days, un'fortunately soon passing away. The kind shown is the common Wistaria (*W. sinensis*) which one sees on many an old garden wall, its slender racemes of flowers of softest colouring hanging in profusion from the leafless branches. The gardens of China and Japan owe not a little of their colouring to this shrub, which may be planted to cover arbours, pergolas, or fences. How delightful it is on many a pergola in Italian gardens, where the climate is kinder than in England!

The variety *alba* has pure white flowers, produced less freely, unhappily, than in the type, and it is scarcely so hardy, but should be in all gardens if a sunny, rather sheltered wall be available. The double Wistaria is worthless, and the species *W. multijuga* is of little account too, though its racemes of blossom reach a length of two feet. They are, however, borne so sparsely, even in favourable years, such as the hot summer of 1895, that the shrub is scarcely worth consideration. The Wistaria represented, or *Glycine*, as it is also named, like the other kinds, needs a warm soil and sunny position.

WATER GARDENS.

The writer asks if readers having beautiful water gardens will kindly send photographs of them, as this is a subject that will be dealt with exhaustively in COUNTRY LIFE. The editor is anxious to get suitable illustrations to accompany remarks respecting it. Water gardening is delightful. A world of flowers is opened up, flowers that are never happy unless by or on the water. It is only necessary to name the newer Water Lilies (*Nymphaeas*) to realise in some measure the beauties of the water-loving plants of our own and other lands.

THE SANDWORTS.

A tiny plant spangled with a thousand white stars at this time is the Balearic Sandwort (*Arenaria balearica*). It is almost a moss, covering the surface of stones in the rock garden, and attaining richest colour and greatest vigour in the moister, shadier spots. But in full exposure to the sun it is fairly happy. Plant in ordinary soil near to the stones one wishes to cover, and the tiny plant may also be used as a carpet to Tea Rose beds. Very severe winters are too much for it, especially if the soil is cold. The plant, however, is so readily grown that a new supply is soon forthcoming. The Mountain Sandwort (*A. montana*) is a handsome rock garden plant, bolder by far than *A. balearica*. Its flowers are comparatively large, and of purest white. They cover the growth as thickly as a Saxifrage, and the plant is very strong in growth. Large tufts of it are in full beauty on the rock garden at Kew, and show how much is lost at this season by not having this species. It is increased by division of the roots or by seed. There are other Sandworts, but the two named are the most beautiful in the family. *A. balearica* is a gem in every way.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers as much as possible in gardening, we shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to us upon flowers, fruits, or vegetables. A stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.